

# Crittenden Record-Press

No. 14

Marion, Crittenden County Kentucky, Thursday, Morning, Oct. 18 1917

Vol. XXXX

## THE LIST OF PRIZE WINNERS

Boys And Girls Who Got The Money For Best Cows, Calves And Products

The Premiums given to the Crittenden County Boys Calf Club by the Commercial Club of Marion, composed of the leading and representative firms here, were substantial and worth contesting for. We were delayed in getting this list but published it as soon as we could get it.

The winners and the amounts won by each follow:

COWS	
Roy Coleman	\$50.00
Earl Nunn	40.00
Chas. Larue	30.00
Percy Summers	20.00
Reginald Wilson	10.00
Wilbur Hillyard	5.00
Calves	
Reva McConnell	5.00
Jimie Hunt	4.00
Jim Sullenger	3.00
Percy Summers	2.00
Catherine Paris	1.00
MILK	
Reva McConnell	5.00
Harley Hillyard	4.00
Guthrie Paris	3.00
Jamie Hunt	2.00
Ray Holloman	1.00
Butter	
Geo. F. Walker	5.00
Catherine Paris	4.00
Iris Ward	3.00
Earl Nunn	2.00
Guthrie Paris	1.00
Record Books	
Zema Dempsey	5.00
M. Y. Nunn	4.00
Wm. Duke & Geneva Fowler	3.00
Ollie Hill	2.00
Herbert Crider	1.00

### Negro Assistant Secretary of War.

The nation's 10,000,000 negroes are to be represented in the war department of President Wilson's cabinet during the war by Emmett J. Scott for 18 years confidential secretary to Booker T. Washington. His appointment as special assistant secretary of war was announced by Secretary Baker last week.

## LIBERTY BONDS GIVEN AWAY

Calumet Baking Powder Company To Give Away \$10,000 In Liberty Bonds

The Calumet Baking Powder Company of Chicago are staunch supporters of the policy of liberally rewarding the efforts of their salesmen. Each year—for years, they have given valuable prizes to salesmen securing the greatest volume of business.

This year they will distribute more than \$10,000 in Liberty Bonds among their high record salesmen.

This is a splendid idea, a plan that is worthy of the heartiest commendation and one that should be employed by other concerns who wish to contribute to the "Nation's fighting fund."

The giving away of prizes in the form of Liberty Bonds was prompted by a spirit of loyalty to employees and patriotic duty to country. It answered the call of "conservation" without depriving salesmen of awards to which conscientious selling endeavor is entitled. It will aid the nation in time of need and at the same time prove prizes of real worth and ones of which the Calumet salesmen will feel justly proud.

How much better this, than the awarding of the usual prize "trinklets," than the handing out of awards that benefit only the recipients.

It is a patriotic merchandising move. It is certain to stimulate the sale of Calumet Baking Powder, because housewives of America are bound to buy a product of the superior quality of Calumet Baking Powder, especially when they learn that money spent for Calumet means money saved for them and a boost to the distribution of Liberty Bonds.

It will enthrall Calumet salesmen. It will tie the spur of patriotism to the determination to excel in salesmanship and finally, it adds more proof to the often proved fact that the Calumet Baking Powder Company

## USE AN ICE PICK ON HIGHWAYMEN

Hunter Kent, Formerly of Louisville, Captured Two With Novel Weapon.

Hunter Kent, of St. Louis, formerly a resident of Louisville had an exciting experience a few nights ago while taking an after dinner walk in the neighborhood of his home. It was shortly after 10 o'clock when Mr. Kent, accompanied by two dogs belonging to his daughter, Miss Mary Kent, started for a walk. As he left the house Mr. Kent picked up an ice pick in the back hall, the thought going through his mind that there had been a number of holdups in St. Louis, although evening after evening he had gone out unarmed. Returning after a walk of several blocks, Mr. Kent was set upon by two young highwaymen who were not equal to cope with a gentleman armed with an ice pick. Mr. Kent came out of the fray with his clothes torn to ribbons, but he had the satisfaction of disabling his assailants and handing over to the authorities two desperadoes who have been sought for weeks by the St. Louis police. — Louisville Post.

### Gives Donation To Red Cross.

J. M. Ford of the Fords Ferry road called in twice recently and gave us a liberal donation for the Red Cross society. Mr. Ford is not much on show but his heart is all right. Many citizens much richer than Jim Ford have never thought of turning loose any of their coin for the pleasure or benefit of the boys who are fighting for our country, some on the high seas, some in the trenches and others where ever the government has use for them or orders them to go.

is ever on the alert to serve its employees, their millions of customers and the country in general in the fairest possible manner.

## ASKS SUPPORT OF VOTERS

John A. Stembridge Announces For Assessor On An Independent Ticket.

To The Voters Of Crittenden County:

In answer to the urgent solicitation of many voters throughout the county and adherents of all parties, I have decided to enter the race for County Assessor, and the petition to that effect signed by the requisite number of voters has already been filed in the Crittenden County court clerk's office to have my name placed upon the ballot as an independent candidate.

The new Revenue law imposes heavy duties upon the Assessor, and it is very important to the people that they elect a man capable and willing to perform those duties in a fair spirit. My friends and acquaintances throughout the county are convinced that I am capable and qualified. I will be glad if those who do not know me will make inquiry among my acquaintances, and upon their judgment I am willing to have the people settle the matter at the coming November election.

In the few weeks between now and the election it will be impossible for me to see many of you in person but assuring you of my appreciation for all of the help that may be extended to me, and promising you a faithful discharge of the office, I am,

Respectfully,  
John A. Stembridge.

### Weather Forecast.

Forecast for the week beginning Sunday Oct. 14, 1917. For Ohio Valley and Tennessee. Fair except occasional showers about Tuesday and Friday. Temperature somewhat above average.

Vigil Threlkeld, asst., cashier of the Marion Bank represented that institution in Evansville last week at the Indiana Bankers' association.

## OIL STRUCK IN HOPKINS

Small Well Near White Plains Drilled to Depth of 300 Feet

Oil was struck at a depth of 300 feet on a farm two miles east of White Plains, in Hopkins county, last Friday, where the Moss Hill Oil & Gas Company has been drilling a test well. The operators are greatly encouraged by the quantity of oil found, but owing to the fact that the well is now filled with water, nothing definite can be determined as yet, and drilling has been stopped for the present.

Madisonville Hustler.

## FOR SALE.

Two frame business houses on Main Street, in Salem, Ky. For particulars, address.

Miss Nettie Grassham,  
Caddo, Okla.

### Company F Dismembered And Men Scattered.

There was a great shake up in the Third Kentucky Regiment at Hattiesburg and the regiment is split up under various organizations. Company F, the Providence company was torn up in the shuffle and officers and men scattered. Capt. A. L. Donan now belongs to the depot brigade and will probably be assigned to command of a company of new recruits. He was loved by all the members of Company F., and the men are said to be heartbroken over the change. Lieut. Thos. M. Hill was assigned to Company M., 149th Infantry. Lieut. John Foxwell belongs to the headquarters company of the same regiment and Lieut. Roy Simpson was assigned to some machine guns battalion. Most of the men are in the 149th infantry. — Enterprise.

## WEDDING ANNOUNCEMENT

Miss Madeleine Jenkins On Oct. 30th, Will Wed Bruce Babb Of Hodgenville.

The most delightful party of the fall, was an announcement party, given Tuesday morning by Miss Katherine Yates at the home of her mother, Mrs. Nora Yates.

The cards bearing the names, Miss Madeleine Jenkins Mr. Bruce Babb Oct. 30, were tied to the handles of the coffee cups. Bridge was the diversion of the morning. Miss Ruth Flanary won the first prize, a silver call bell. Miss Jenkins was presented with a pair of handsomely embroidered linen pillow slips.

A two course menu was served at the conclusion of the game. The ice course consisted of cream frozen in the shape of hearts. The favors were small crepe baskets filled with candy. Attached to the handles were little music racks supporting a tiny sheet of "The Wedding March."

Miss Yates guests included Misses Madeline Jenkins, Virginia Blue, Ruth Flanary, Susie Boston, Nannie Rochester, Gwendoline Haynes, Linda Jenkins, Katie Barnett, Kattie Gray, Frances Blue, Katherine Yandell.

Mesdames J. P. Guess, Douglas Carnahan, Paul Adams, Jas. Henry, Maurie Nunn, Geo. Orme, W. V. Haynes, Sam Gugenheim, and C. B. Ellis of Salem.

The honoree has been a social favorite here and has a wide circle of friends.

A number of interesting parties have been arranged in her honor to take place in the next few days.

### Strayed

From my farm on the Marion and Fredonia road, one brown horse five years old, fifteen hands high, saddle knot. Will pay for his return to me or Roy Sisco's livery barn, Marion, Ky.  
10 11 2tp Will Crider.

## Shoes Are Shoes Nowadays And D. O. Carnahan Has Them

Bought in advance of the great raise in prices. Come to the Main Street Emporium of D. O. Carnahan for The Friedman Shelby Shoes, many of them at the old prices, also Chippewa Falls shoes, bought at the right prices and best lines for wear.

We have the "Stronger Than The Law" Shoes at \$4.50. All our shoes are a little lower than elsewhere.

Come and let us fit your feet. We can please you (fit your head,) and our prices will fit any purse. Come before bad weather sets in for, then there will be a rush and your size may be gone. Our word for it, you'll never regret it, if you do as we say about the shoe problem.

# D. O. CARNAHAN

Main Street

Opposite The Court House

Marion, Ky.



**Regular Price \$500**

**Regular Price \$7.50**

**WATERVILLE, TENN.**



## FRENCH INDUSTRY IS RECOVERING

Natural Thrift and Economy Promise Rapid Progress

### EXPORT BUSINESS GROWING

Our Great Ally Possesses Recuperative Powers Which Justify Belief That She Will Meet and Solve Triumphantly the Problems Which Confront Her After the War.

With Paris boulevards echoing with "vives" for American troops our interest in the welfare of our ally vastly increases, and the facts are not lacking to encourage the belief that she is already on the road to recovery from the blow of invasion by a ruthless enemy.

One of the most important developments is the announcement that one of the largest banking institutions in America concerned with foreign trade, the Guaranty Trust company of New York, has opened a Paris branch to handle the rapidly increasing volume of French business.

This action may surprise many persons who had thought of France as bowed under a calamitous invasion. The bank, however, gives figures indicating that France is not only meeting her military and civilian problems with a stout heart and never failing courage, but is re-establishing her export business with this country.

In 1914, the year of the outbreak of the war, imports from France to this country totaled \$141,446,252. This total was reduced to \$77,158,740 in 1915, but last year the value of French imports to the United States rose to \$102,077,000.

"A nation that can achieve such a commercial recovery while her territory is being ravished by the invader," says the Trust company's statement, "possesses recuperative powers which justify the belief that she will emerge from the present conflict prepared to meet and solve triumphantly the problems which confront her."

The commercial and industrial record of France, following past wars, indicates that she should recover quickly from the actual physical destruction inflicted in the present conflict. The reconstruction of railroads, the erection of factories to replace those destroyed, and the replacement of the mechanism of industrial activity that will be required and that is in part already planned, offer a peculiarly inviting field to American capital and enterprise. Tentative steps have already been taken by representatives of American engineers and business men in this work.

Aside from its attractive business aspect, the enlistment of American money and effort in the great task of reconstruction that will remain at the end of the war will tend to cement still more closely the ties that bind the two great republics together, and will enable Americans to discharge in part the debt they owe to France for her friendly interest in the welfare and progress of the United States from the beginning of its life as a nation.

In judging the industrial status of any nation, its production and consumption of coal, iron, and steel and the growth of its transportation systems are highly significant factors.

In 1909, French industries consumed 21 million tons of coal, of which 13.5 millions were taken from home mines. In 1912, the consumption was 61 millions, of which 41 million tons were taken from home mines.

In 1909, the French output of cast iron was 1,380,000 tons, and of steel, 1,000,000 tons. In 1914, France produced 5,311,000 tons of cast iron and 4,635,000 tons of steel.

The increasing activity of her railway system is similarly demonstrable. In 1889, there were in France 10,743 miles of railway track; in 1912, there were 31,546 miles.

Between 1869 and 1912, inland navigation increased 150 per cent; while the traffic of her mercantile marine has amazingly expanded. The tonnage entering French ports in 1869 is set down as 11,000,000 tons. In 1912 this had been increased to 53,000,000 tons.

Leaders in American finance ascribe this solidarity of the French republic to three influences; first, a thoroughly sound banking system, centralized in one of the greatest banking institutions of the world, the Bank of France; second, the ingrained thrift and frugality of the French people as a whole, together with a national economic vigor not elsewhere surpassed; third, wise supervision, and patriotic co-operation by the government with banking and business interests.

The government does its part to warrant and retain the confidence of the holders of its securities. One of its wise policies is to impose new taxes to defray the interest charges on new security issues. It began this practice after the Franco-Prussian war, and is today following the same rule in regard to securities issued to finance the present conflict. This continuity of purpose, doubtless, will prove reassuring to all holders of French government securities.

The Franco-Prussian war of 1870-1871 taught the French people the meaning of thrift and economy. So well did they learn this lesson, that the whole sum of the indemnity demanded by Germany, \$1,000,000,000, was raised within the republic's confines by its own inhabitants and paid over more than one year before the time stipulated by the Germans.

The habit thus acquired has never been forgotten by the French, and to-day the aggregate number of investors purchasing the French war loans has reached the amazing total of 4,500,000 individual subscribers. Perhaps no other country, in proportion to its population, can make so good a showing.

France is particularly fortunate in that her small investors prefer "safe" investments rather than offerings which promise high returns. Government rents, in France are perpetual, and this characteristic seems to obtain for these government bonds increasing favor in the eyes of the French people.

The points of sympathy between France and America are too many to enumerate, but the spirit of liberty and its resultant democracy are, today as always, the major ideals of both nations. Seeking no victories but those of peace, no territory except their own, no sovereignty except sovereignty over themselves—the independence and equal rights of the weakest member of the family of nations are to the people of the United States and of France entitled to as much respect as those of the mightiest empire. In defense of these principles, France is engaged in a death struggle with militant autocracy and ruthless aggression, and it is not surprising to learn that she has found to her allies and to other friendly states 7,000,000,000 francs with which to further the cause of democracy. It is in keeping with America's traditions that since the date on which we formally aligned ourselves with France and her allies in the great struggle, our government has lent to France \$370,000,000.

It is eminently fitting that America should now be fighting on French soil to make the world safe for democracy. The liberty that America has enjoyed for 140 years France helped her to achieve. The swords of Lafayette and Rochambeau, aided by the guns of De Grasse upon the high seas, assisted in cutting the foreign ties that bound the American colonies prior to the War of Independence, and from the private purse of King Louis himself came the first loan to America—unsecured and unconditional—to finance that historic undertaking. It was with entire justice that Washington wrote to Rochambeau, "To the generous aid of your nation and to the bravery of its sons is to be ascribed in a very great degree that independence for which we have fought."

## WHAT IS LAX-FOS

LAX-FOS IS AN IMPROVED CASCARA A DIGESTIVE LAXATIVE

CATHARTIC AND LIVER TONIC

LAX-FOS is not a Secret or Patent Medicine but is composed of the following old-fashioned roots and herbs:

CASCARA BARK  
BLUE FLAG ROOT  
RHUBARB ROOT  
BLACK ROOT  
MAY APPLE ROOT  
SENA LEAVES  
AND PEPSIN

In LAX-FOS the CASCARA is improved by the addition of these digestive secretents making it better than ordinary CASCARA, and thus the combination is not only a stimulating laxative and cathartic but also a digestive and liver tonic. Syrup laxatives are weak, but LAX-FOS combines strength with palatable, aromatic taste and does not gripe or disturb the stomach. One bottle will prove LAX-FOS is invaluable for Constipation, Indigestion or Torpid Liver. Price 50c.

### Teachers' Association At Chapel Hill.

Though late in being related it must be well remembered that the teachers of educational division No. 1, held a most enjoyable Teachers' Association at Chapel Hill, August 31st, 1917.

It, Friday the 31st, was a beautiful sunny day and 11 teachers, county superintendent, patrons and friends assembled in the comfortably, cool and pleasant school house at Chapel Hill.

The president of the district being absent, the county superintendent, E. J. Travis, took the leadership.

The Association was opened by the assembly, singing the glorious anthem "My Country 'Tis Of Thee," then devotional exercises were conducted by Rev. Newman, first reading the sixth chapter of Galatians, soul awakening and inspirational to teachers.

E. J. Travis then gave a welcome address, next Miss Della Stembridge ably discussed "The New Education" under this kind of education, "The aim of every school should be to give as far as possible, an opportunity for a liberal education to all and a vocational training to each, to provide for every educational need of the community, for old and young."

Fred Hillyard, made a most interesting talk on "Manual Training," and "Domestic Science," how that we should endeavor to teach these subjects that they will be real live helps and not misfits. Physiology and hygiene should be taught in schools so thoroughly that it will be lived and improve our homes, so with domestic science and manual training—not just for fads—but teach, so that boys and girls



### A Woman's Burdens

are lightened when she turns to the right medicine. If her existence is made gloomy by the chronic weakness, delicate derangements, and painful disorders that afflict her sex, she will find relief and emancipation from her troubles in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It is the only medicine that will cure all the ills of the female system, and it is the only medicine that will cure all the ills of the female system, and it is the only medicine that will cure all the ills of the female system.

PALOS, VA.—Eight years ago this summer I could hardly do anything. I was before my first little girl. My lower limbs were so badly swollen I couldn't rest any where. I was telling a friend what a condition my limbs were in. She said, "Take my advice and get some of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription." So I commenced to use it and this is what it did for me. I had only used it about one week when my limbs quit swelling, the pains got better, and I could sleep all night, good restful sleep, so I continued to use it and had no trouble at all. Four years ago I used it again, and another little girl came almost entirely without discomfort. One year ago I again needed Dr. Pierce's medicine but did not get it as I was in very poor condition financially, and I suffered five days and nights. Now note the difference. "I will always praise the 'Favorite Prescription' to any expectant woman for cramping, pains and nausea. It makes women stout and gives extra strength and prepares for a motherhood. I know it has no equal."—Mrs. CUNNY LAM.

may make home more comfortable and happier. Teach in rural communities through organizing Mothers' Clubs.

Kenna Powell discussed "Hygiene in Rural Schools," laying stress on individual drinking cups, ventilation of buildings, proper care of teeth and proper conditions of school grounds.

We here had an intermission for lunch and, oh! Such splendid luncheon did we have. We will long remember those splendid cakes and pies and many other luscious things and we all thought we would like to go back next year to Chapel Hill to have our Association, if we could have such another feast of good things.

Afternoon intermission we were favored with a recitation by Miss Isabel Walker, and a story by Miss Ethel Hard.

Miss Frances Gray discussed the pros and cons of "The School Museum." Miss Clara Belt told us how to have "School Gardens."

Fred Hillyard told us how we were to have a substitute teacher and be allowed to visit other schools this year.

Miss Jennie Clement in her discussion of "Character Building," taught us to teach the pupils that, "Selfishness and untruth bring unhappiness while kindness and truth bring happiness."

Mr. Travis also discussed "Character Building."

Miss Ruby Hard said that Louisa Alcott's stories, Dickens', Scott's novels were suitable reading for girls of twelve years; Swiss Family, Robinson, Treasure Island, Carpenter's, Geographical Readers and King Arthur and his Knights were books suited to boys of twelve years. Rev. Newman discussed Character Building and Patrons' duty to Teachers.

Rev. Newman said, a teacher to really build character in the child, must first have a character that the child could entirely believe in, and the child following his example might have a good character. He impressed the fact the teachers do too much of the children's work, they should teach the children how to study.

We adjourned feeling that we had had a thoroughly encouraging, upbuilding and enjoyable day.

### White-Breasted Nuthatch

Sitta carolinensis



Length, six inches. White below, above gray, with a black head.

Range: Resident in the United States, southern Canada, and Mexico. Habits and economic status: This bird might readily be mistaken by a careless observer for a small woodpecker, but its note, an oft-repeated yank, is very woodpeckerlike, and, unlike either woodpeckers or creepers, it climbs downward as easily as upward and seems to set the laws of gravity at defiance. The name was suggested by the habit of wedging nuts, especially beechnuts, in the crevices of bark so as to break them open by blows from the sharp, strong bill.

The nuthatch gets its living from the trunks and branches of trees, over which it creeps from daylight to dark. Insects and spiders constitute a little more than 50 per cent of its food. The largest items of these are beetles, moths, and caterpillars, with ants and wasps. The animal food is all in the bird's favor except a few ladybird beetles. More than half of the vegetable food consists of mast, i. e., acorns and other nuts or large seeds. One-fourth of the food is grain, mostly waste corn. The nuthatch does no injury, so far as known, and much good.

## WAR TAX SCHEDULE FINALLY REACHED

SENATE AND HOUSE CONFEREES AGREE ON BILL AND MAKE REPORT TO HOUSE.

BILL CARRIES \$2,700,000,000

Excess Profits Heavily Taxed On Graduated Scale From 20 to 60 per cent—Heavy Increases Levied On Second Class Mail Matter

Washington.—Final agreement on the \$2,700,000,000 war tax bill was reached by the senate and house conferees and reported to the house. Levies of approximately \$1,000,000,000 on war excess profits and \$842,000,000 on incomes were left unchanged, but a new system of calculating excess profits were adopted.

The conference report provides that the graduate tax of from 20 to 60 per cent on excess profits of corporations, partnerships and individuals shall be levied on a basis of invested capital compared with invested capital of the three prewar years of 1911, 1912 and 1913. This is a substitute for the senate taxes of from 16 to 60 per cent, based upon a similar comparison of prewar and present profits.

The income tax section virtually was unchanged, except for rearrangement of surtaxes on incomes between \$15,000 and \$40,000. The graduated surtaxes of from one to 50 per cent on incomes from \$5,000 to those of a million and over were approved.

The senate increase of from two to four per cent of the income tax on corporations, joint stock companies and insurance companies was approved, together with the new normal individual tax of two per cent on incomes of unmarried persons in excess of \$1,000 and of married persons of more than \$2,000.

Second-Class Rates Raised. Enormous increases on second-class mail matter are proposed in the conference report on the war tax bill. Different rates would apply to reading and advertising matter and no free zone would be provided for either.

Beginning July 1, 1918, and continuing until July 1, 1919, the rate per pound on reading matter will be 1 1/2 cents, or 1/4 of a cent more than the present rate on all second-class mail matter, 1 1/2 cent per pound after July 1, 1919.

Publications carrying more advertising than 5 per cent of their total space would be subjected under the fourth-class parcel post zone system to the following rates per pound on the advertising matter:

Between July 1, 1918, and July 1, 1919, first and second zones, 1 1/2 cents; third, 1 1/2 cents; fourth, 2 cents; fifth, 2 1/2 cents; sixth, 2 1/2 cents; seventh, 3 cents and eighth, 3 1/2 cents.

Between July 1, 1919, and July 1, 1920, first and second zones, 1 1/2 cents; third, 2 cents; fourth, 3 cents; fifth, 3 1/2 cents; sixth, 4 cents; seventh, 5 cents, and eighth, 5 1/2 cents.

Between July 1, 1920, and July 1, 1921, first and second zones, 1 1/2 cents; third, 2 1/2 cents; fourth, 4 cents; fifth, 4 1/2 cents; sixth, 5 1/2 cents; seventh, 7 cents; eighth, 7 1/2 cents; eighth, 7 1/2 cents.

After July 1, 1921, first and second zones, 2 cents; third, 3 cents; fourth, 5 cents; fifth, 6 cents; sixth, 7 cents; seventh, 9 cents, and eighth, 10 cents.

These rates would apply on all publications entered as second-class mail matter, including sample copies to the extent of 10 per cent of the weight of copies mailed to subscribers during the calendar year.

### MONROE DOCTRINE IN ORIENT

Viscount Ishii Says That Door To Legitimate Trading Will Not Be Closed In Orient.

New York.—Proclaiming a Monroe doctrine of the far east, Viscount Ishii, head of the Japanese mission to the United States, warned the nations of the world that his country will not tolerate aggressions against the territory or independence of China. At the same time he pledged Japan not to attempt similar aggressions on her part.

Speaking at a formal dinner in honor of the imperial envoy's visit to New York, the ambassador of Emperor Yoshihito outlined publicly for the first time since he set foot on American soil the policy of his government as it relates to China.

While he boldly warned the world against any attempt to invade the rights of the republic of the far east, Viscount Ishii promised with equal earnestness that the door to legitimate trade in China never would be closed by Japan.

### TIGHTENS BLOCKADE.

More Vigorous Policy Toward Germany Is Advanced.

London.—A still more vigorous blockade of Germany is to be enforced by the entente allies as a result of the conference of Lord Robert Cecil with the French minister of blockade. The king signed a proclamation prohibiting the exportation of certain articles to Sweden and Holland. The king's approval also was given, making it more difficult for the enemy to obtain supplies.

## TALE OF HORROR RIVALS FICTION

Only Eleven of Colony of One Hundred Survive on Barren Island.

SUPPLIES NEVER CAME

Starvation, Ocean and Murder Claims Most of Colony on Clipperton Island, Off the Mexican Coast.

Mexico City.—The story of the rescue of eleven Mexican women and children from almost certain death on the barren Clipperton Island, a coral atoll 650 miles off the Mexican coast, was related by members of the rescued party who were landed at Salina Cruz by an American gunboat.

They were the survivors of more than 100 colonists who left for the island in February, 1914. The remainder died from scurvy or were drowned.

### Story of Governor's Widow.

According to the story of Mrs. Maria Arnaud, widow of Captain Arnaud, governor of the island, shortly after the arrival of the colonists, the American schooner Nokomis was wrecked on the island. Thirteen members of the crew, including the captain's wife, reached the shore, where they remained for several months while a few of the sailors toiled back to Acapulco.

On hearing of the suffering of the people on the island an American gunboat went there and took off the Americans, but not before they had materially diminished the food supply of the colonists. It also offered to take off the Mexicans, but they declined the offer, expecting that a boat with supplies would arrive any day. The boat never came.

### Attempt Rescue; Drown.

When their food was exhausted the colonists were forced to live on fish and the eggs and flesh of sea birds. Scurvy set in and more than half the colonists died. In 1915 Captain Arnaud with three men put off in a rowboat to try and intercept a vessel that had been sighted, but their boat capsized and its occupants were drowned.

The party on the island then numbered five women, seven children, and



Lived in Constant Terror of the Negro.

a negro lighthouse tender. The women lived in constant terror of the negro, who continually threatened them. He murdered one of the women, but another woman beat out his brains with a hammer.

### JAIL GROUCH WRECKS HOME

Wife of Inventor of Wireless Telephone Says Cell Has Made Him Misanthrope.

New York.—After serving a term in the federal penitentiary for using the mails to defraud, Archie Frederick Collins, inventor of the Collins wireless telephone, has come back to freedom, according to his wife, with his disposition ruined.

Mrs. Evelyn B. Collins, formerly of 549 Riverside drive, says that she can no longer live with him and has filed a suit for separation.

Collins returned a thorough, blood-cold misanthrope, she alleges, soured against the world, soured even against his benefactors, and soured against her. He has often since coming home made long harangues and tirades of invectives against the world in general and the United States government in particular, she asserts.

### Two Killed in Fight Over Eight Cents.

Philadelphia.—Following a dispute over 8 cents, William Wassaback and Jerome Shark were killed by Frank Lattario. The men had their shoes shined in Lattario's shop and offered for payment tickets they had purchased at the six-for-a-quarter rate. Recently the price of shins had been increased.



SOLDIERS IN THE VERDUN SECTOR REPAIRING A RUINED CANAL



IN THEIR RETIREMENT FROM OCCUPIED TERRITORY THE GERMAN ARMY DESTROYED MILLIONS OF DOLLARS OF AGRICULTURAL MACHINERY.



S. M. JENKINS,  
Editor and Publisher

Entered as second-class matter February 9th 1878 at the postoffice at Marion, Kentucky, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1877.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES  
\$1.50 per year cash in advance.

### Advertising Rates.

50c per inch S. C. Foreign Advertising  
25c per inch S. C. Home Advertising  
Repeated ads one-half rate.  
Metal bases for Plates and Electro  
Locals or Readers

5c per line in this size type.

10c per line in this size type.

15c per line in this size type.

Obituaries 5c per line  
Cards of Thanks 5c per line  
Resolutions of respect 5c a line  
Cash With Copy

### THE COURIER'S

#### OCTOBER BARGAIN.

While the subscription price of the Evansville Courier has been made \$5.00 a year for the daily and \$7.50 per year for the daily and Sunday by mail, The Courier announces that its October bargain rate will be \$1.00 for the daily and \$6.00 for the daily and Sunday.

The Courier is the favorite daily newspaper for thousands of people in this section, and no doubt they will be quick to take advantage of the opportunity to subscribe at the October bargain rates. The Courier is one of the most original and interesting newspapers to be found anywhere and brings the news of the war, the world and the markets to our people first.

### High School News.

When in Marion visit the biggest thing there, her school.

An Irish program was given by the Samantian Society last Friday afternoon.

Ellis Boaz enrolled in the Senior Class the first of last week after having spent the summer in St. Louis.

Oral Flanagan and Creed Threlkeld spent last week end with John El Young near Fredonia and attended the Princeton-Providence Football game at Princeton Saturday.

Grace Clement enrolled in the Sophomore class at the beginning of the month.

The officers for the Senior Class for the year are, Robert Hamilton, President, N. H. Stone Vice President, Katherine Reed Tress, Katie M. S. cly.

Those making the highest grades in the four classes in High School for the first month were, Katherine Reed and Lucile Moore Senior, Elisabeth Cook, Junior Class, Ray Foster, Sophomore Class, Ina May, Freshman Class.

See the football game between Marion and Providence next Saturday afternoon at Maxwell Park.

Watts Franklin spent Saturday and Sunday in Greenville.

Mildred Bourland spent the week end in Evansville.

Edwin Hughes was called home Monday morning to attend the funeral of his grandmother.

Lucile Moore spent Saturday and Sunday in Hopkinsville.

## MUSTANG

For Sprains, Lameness,  
Sores, Cuts, Rheumatism  
Penetrates and Heals.  
Stops Pain At Once  
For Man and Beast  
25c, 50c, \$1. At All Dealers.

## LINIMENT

Box Supper At Mrs. Clark.

Quite a number of people attended the Box Supper at Mrs. Clark's Saturday night and it proved to be one of the most enjoyable affairs which has been held at this

place.  
In addition to the folks of the immediate neighborhood a number of people gathered from other communities including several prominent young men from Salem.

There were light boxes of nine food which were sold to the highest bidders and a tidy little sum of money was realized which will be given for the benefit of the New Salem Church.

After all a beautiful and delicious cake was brought forth and sold in a beauty contest on the prettiest girl and as luck would have it Miss Nelle Conyer was the winner.

### HERE IS HOW UNCLE SAM CAN USE SUBSCRIPTIONS

Mrs. Donald McDonald, chairman for Kentucky of the Woman's Liberty Loan Committee, yesterday issued a bulletin to her co-workers, detailing what Uncle Sam will do for each of the dollars that comes to him in exchange for his Liberty Bonds. These are sample appropriations:

A \$50 bond will supply four months sustenance in field for one man.

A \$100 bond will supply 200 pounds of smokeless powder.

A \$200 bond will supply complete uniform and outfit for four navy men.

A \$500 bond will supply 180 gas masks.

A \$1,000 bond will supply gasoline enough to drive a submarine 2,000 miles.

A \$2,000 bond will supply 520 thirteen-pound shells to destroy submarines.

## COULD HARDLY STAND ALONE

Terrible Suffering From Headache, Sideache, Backache, and Weakness, Relieved By Cardui, Says This Texas Lady.

Gonzales, Tex.—Mrs. Minnie Phillips, of this place, writes: "Five years ago I was taken with a pain in my left side. It was right under my left rib. It would commence with aching and extend up into my left shoulder and on down into my back. By that time the pain would be so severe I would have to take to bed, and suffered usually about three days. I suffered this way for three years, and got to be a mere skeleton and was so weak I could hardly stand alone. Was not able to go anywhere and had to let my house work go. I suffered awful with a pain in my back and I had the headache all the time. I just was unable to do a thing. My life was a misery, my stomach got in an awful condition, caused from taking so much medicine. I suffered so much pain I had just about given up all hopes of our getting anything to help me.

One day a Birthday Almanac was thrown in my yard. After reading its testimonials I decided to try Cardui, and am so thankful that I did for I began to improve when on the second bottle. I am now a well woman and feeling fine and the cure has been permanent for it has been two years since my awful head pain. I will always praise and recommend Cardui." Try Cardui today. E 78

### The Value Of Character.

(By Cora E. Clift.)

Words can not tell the value of a pure and stainless character and it should be far more precious to us than any earthly thing. Character is the stamp of our nature, or that which marks our very being.

Reputation is what other I think of us, but character is what we are, reputation may some times flow from character but not always, as reputation is transitory and may be, false or true. A good character should always be the first object of interest to a person who wants a good name, for no one can have a good name with a questionable character.

Oh, who can measure the value of a good name, based on a noble character, for it is a priceless jewel, and who can repair it if injured? Who can redeem it if lost? With out it gold has no value, station no dignity, beauty no charm? With out it wealth impoverishes, grace deforms, and it degrades.

The legacy of a good name based on a pure character is far beyond value, rich is the inheritance it leaves, precious is the hope it inspires. Those who rob others of their property, take that which can be regained by time and opportunity, but who can regain a lost and ruined character.

Those who ridicule others for their poverty, upbraid them for that which industry may retrieve but what wealth can redeem the bankrupt character. Oh how I wish people would prize this peerless thing as highly as it should be in place of looking upon with contempt like some of them does as if it was dust beneath their feet. If fathers and mothers of today would only be more careful to teach their children the value of character, not by words alone, but by living a pure and blameless life themselves there would be fewer lives wrecked by vice.

I have known parents to talk to their children and tell them to live right, when at the same time, they themselves were living the vilest of lives, so what good will such talk do children when in later years they will learn of the immoral conduct of their parents. When a boy or girl goes astray and keeps on going on the downward path and gets so low and vile that they do not even try to redeem themselves, then the world will look upon them with disdain, but they do not stop to think that perhaps the parents of this boy or girl are in a measure the blame for it, for they might of failed to teach them the value of character when they were little, for if a child is trained up in the way it should go, when it is old it will not depart from it.

The most of married people do not stop to consider what a great responsibility rests upon them, and by doing so they fail to do what God intended them to do, to train and keep their children in the path of purity until they become old enough to realize the value of character.

If fathers and mothers would only ask for the help of their heavenly Father more than what they do, and train their children in the path of purity, they could keep them as pure as when they were innocent babes with in their mothers arms.

I have seen quite a number of old people both men and women that were living such sinful lives as if there was no "HELL" for such as they, they were bowed with age, and their looks plainly showed that their earthly life was soon to be ended, and then when they should of placed their minds upon heavenly things and live so that when God calls them that they might depart from this world with out one sigh or regret into that happy home of perfect felicity, they had placed it upon vice and had become so depraved that perhaps satan him self had turned from them in disgust, and those same people who look upon a pure character with disdainfulness, call themselves Christians and we often see them at church praying with much emphasis, and perhaps crying a little to make it have more effect. No wonder sinners do not see the true value of religion and character when they can find just such people as I have described all around them.

A woman was talking not long ago in regard to the way women and girls dressed. Now, she said some bitter things but all she said was more than true, for the way women and girls dress now is a disgrace to womankind oh how awful it is to see women who should be the noblest and purest of all earthly beings, be so vile and contemptible as to not only disgrace her self by her conduct but also the very name of woman.

I have often wondered why women do not value their character more than what they do, for it is the most priceless jewel of womanhood and with out it they are nothing.

Girls pay more attention to your character and not so much to your outward beauty, and be sure to have no boys agoing with you until you have molded a character that nothing that this old world can give will ever take that from you, for if you do not do this, and commence keeping company with boys before you are old enough to realize the true value of character, you are in danger of being led astray, and then after it is too late, you will find that you have been robbed of all that goes to make a noble and pure woman, character then after that life will never be the same to you, and it will be you who have to suffer, and not the vile hearted thing in the form of man who took advantage of your extreme youth and ignorance by robbing you of that which is more precious to woman than all else, character.

Boys will flatter girls and make them think that they care for them, when they are only seeking to ruin them, and do not mean to marry them at all, but some girls cannot see this until it is too late.

A boy has to be very profligate indeed, to seek to take the character from the girl he loves and means to make his wife, so when one seeks to rob a pure girl of that priceless jewel, it is not because he loves her, but because he is so full of vice that he takes great delight in wrecking and ruining the life of a chaste girl.

If men do not value their own characters as they should, they can not keep from respecting a woman who does, for there is something about a pure souled woman that makes men respect her, and if women are not respected it is their own fault, for if they would not dress in an indecent manner like a great many of them are a doing now and pay as much attention to their character as they do their painted and powdered faces, I am sure the world would have a better class of women for men to respect.

Any one who wants to live a chaste life should keep good company or none, and if any one can not be sure of others, and know that they are what they should be, stay away from them for any one had better be alone, some and be with no one at all, then to be a disgraced out cast, for there has been many people who had by keeping bad company lost their character, honor and good name, in fact all that goes to make true manhood and womanhood, the emblem of purity.

If the lives of the wealthy men and women could be read, there would be pages so black with immorality, that people would begin to think that human race had forgotten the value of character, but yet there is a few pure men and women, and they are the ones who keeps themselves free from wealth's vile touch, for money can not buy the pleasure which comes from pure manhood or womanhood, and oh! how often by the injection of money into the lives of our people, does this sweet and noble spirit of manhood and womanhood depart forever. Some people think that they can partake of vice and live in sin for awhile and then redeem themselves in later years, but they are wrong, for it is just as easy for rivers to run up stream, as it is for any one to redeem themselves after they once get started on the downward path of sin and vice.

There are some people who are so vile and contemptible that they hate to see any one living a pure and blameless life, and they do everything in their power to get anyone the same downward path that they are following which leads to the very depths of degradation and everlasting shame.

Boys and girls, start on life's journey with a pure and spotless character, and keep it pure, never let any one rob you of that priceless thing and you will have something that will be worth far more to you than all the glittering gold of this world, do not ever let anyone make you think that you can go astray and then redeem, for there is but a few who can do this, and even though you be among the few, and can redeem your ruined character, it will never be as it was before—without one stain upon it, and remember to keep good company or none, and live a pure and unquestionable life, so that others may see and realize the value of character.

## WANTED

Someone to build and furnish a store for benefit of Mines Five Mines to furnish in a radius of three mile circle.

At forks of road. Daily mail. Mines Starting New.

I have the Location.

Write me at once.

DAVID C. LOVELESS

Salem, Ky.

Many Ships Under Water

May be Recovered.

"An interesting paragraph in Shipping" says that many of the torpedoed vessels that lie at the bottom of the sea may be salvaged after the war. "Neither ships nor cargoes" it affirms, "except perishable material and foodstuffs, deteriorate very much under water. When a vessel is being refloated, a barrel of oil is poured on the surface of the water in order to leave a deposit over the machinery. Repairs are quickly effected, and sections shattered by torpedoes present no great difficulties in the work of salvage. Valuable as are the ships themselves that now lie at the bottom of the sea, the cargoes of cotton, rubber, wool, machinery, etc., are considered to be more valuable still. Parts of the North sea and of the English Channel are shallow enough to permit of this kind of salvage work on a considerable scale, according to the authority quoted.

### \$100 Reward, \$100

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only reliable cure ever known for the medical treatment of Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing her work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by all Druggists. The Catarrh Remedy. Pills for constipation.

### Every Great News Event.

Is fully and completely covered by the Evansville Courier. The coming year will be a period of the greatest news—the tide of battles and fortunes of our soldiers in the great war. This month The Courier is making its annual bargain rate at the reduction of \$1.00 from the regular price. No one can afford to be without a daily newspaper during the great crisis. The Courier is not only the first newspaper in this field but one of the best.

### Whenever You Need a General Tonic Take Grove's.

The Old Standard Grove's Tasteless Chilli Tonic is equally valuable as a General Tonic because it contains the well-known tonic properties of QUININE and IRON. It acts on the Liver, Drives out Malaria, Enriches the Blood and Builds up the Whole System. 60 cents.

### GIVES CREDIT TO ADVERTISING

Scott & Bowne, manufacturing chemists, of Bloomfield, N. J.

proprietors of the world famous medicine, Scott's Emulsion, is one of the largest advertisers and one of the most successful firms in America, so their opinion of the value of newspaper advertising is worthy of attention. In a letter of instructions relative to their advertising in The Crittenden Record Press they say:

"The steadily increasing popularity of Scott's Emulsion is due in part to our persistent adherence to newspaper advertising. We have followed this method of publicity for nearly fifty years, and we are taking this opportunity to thank the publishers of the 2000 weeklies in which we advertise for their demonstrated appreciation of clean, truthful advertising, such as that of Scott's Emulsion."

Their opinion of The Crittenden Record Press as an advertising medium is shown by the fact that their advertising has been in its columns almost continuously for more than twenty-five years.

The Way They do at Princeton.

The Entire City in Darkness.

Princeton, Ky., Oct. 9.—A breakdown to-night at the Kentucky Light & Power plant left Princeton in darkness. The Baptist Women's Missionary Union of the Western District of Kentucky in convocation at the Baptist church and being addressed by Dr. E. E. Bomar, of Owensboro, was forced to adjourn until lamps and candles could be procured.

**One Drop**  
Bourbon Poultry Remedy  
CURES  
GAPES  
A few drops in the drinking water cures and prevents white diarrhea, cholera and other chick diseases. One 50-cent bottle makes 12 gallons of medicine. At drug stores or by mail postpaid. Valuable poultry book free on request. HENNINGSON REMEDY CO., Lexington, Ky.

For Sale in Marion, Ky.  
Haynes & Taylor.

### To The Women Of Crittenden County.

The Woman's Liberty Loan campaign will close Saturday Oct. 27. Have you bought your bonds yet? If every woman in Crittenden County who has some surplus money will invest in one or more Liberty Bonds, she will be doing a patriotic service for her Country, and at the same time putting by a nice little sum for future needs. Liberty Bonds are as good as gold and would be taken in any business transaction for their full face value. The bonds bear 4 per cent interest payable semi-annually, and there will be no taxes to pay on Uncle Sam's notes. The bonds are offered at par and in denominations of fifty dollars and multiples thereof. The bonds mature in twenty-five years but the Government may redeem them in ten years. Application forms for Liberty Bonds may be procured at either the Marion or Farmer's Bank.

The teachers of the County have been asked to take the matter up with the women of their districts. If you will lend your government money to help fight the battle for liberty, give your teacher or any one who is working for this great cause, your check for the amount you wish to invest in Liberty Bonds, and the local banks will send in your application and in due time your bond will be forwarded to you.

The government must have money to win the war and the more our people put into Liberty Bonds, the lighter the burden of taxation will be. It is better to lend at a good rate of interest, than to be forced to give. The women of old Crittenden are always loyal to a good cause, let us rally to the needs of our country and buy Liberty Bonds.

Margaret Moore.  
County Chairman Woman's Liberty Loan Committee.



# PERSONALS

E. L. Harpending, Notary Public

Richard Bebout, of Sheridan, passed through the city Sunday en route to Louisville to attend the Masonic Grand Lodge.

Luther T. Farmer, of the Secretary of State's office at Frankfort, Ky., was here last week the guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Farmer, on Walker street.

Miss Katherine Yandell spent the week-end at Rosiclare, Ill., the guest of Mr. and Mrs. John Yandell, returning home Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Bourland and daughter, Miss Mildred, and son, Master Teddy, motored to Evansville Friday to spend the week-end at the Hotel McCurdy. Miss Ann Eliza Johnson accompanied them.

W. H. Clark, a prominent attorney of Hoxie, Kan., was here this week to visit his aged mother, Mrs. Nancy Clark, and sister, Mrs. John Brantley.

Mr. and Mrs. George P. Roberts went to Evansville, Ind., Sunday afternoon to call on Col. D. C. Roberts at Walker Sanitarium.

Go to George W. Stone for your glasses in rims or rimless, any kind you want. His low prices will surprise you. Office hours 8 to 12 and 1 to 5 on Mondays and Saturdays. Other weekdays in the afternoon only. Office lower floor of Press Bldg.

Miss Effie Deboe has rented her house to A. J. Pickens and wife who have moved to it. Miss Effie contemplates removing to Nashville, Tenn. to reside, with her sister Mrs. J. W. Huffman.

Wallace Warren Arflack is the name of an eight lb. boy who arrived at the home of J. H. Arflack Sunday night Oct. 14th. Mrs. Arflack was a daughter of Rev. John Brown. Mother and son are doing nicely.

Mrs. Jane Franklin, Caruthersville, Mo., writes us a letter which closes as follows: "God bless you and all my dear Kentucky friends, in my dear blessed old home."

J. N. Dean has rented the Virgil Moore residence from C. E. McGregor, who has moved to Sturgis temporarily.

Ernest Butler has moved to the W. R. Gibbs place on S. 1st street.

Hyomei's germ-killing medication is the only sensible and safe way of treating catarrh. Goes right to the spot. Breathed through the nose and mouth. Guaranteed satisfaction or money refunded. Sold by Haynes & Taylor.

Russell Moss bought the Rutledge Newcom property and has moved to it.

J. H. Brouster has sold his Ledbetter farm and contemplates moving to Marion.

C. E. McGregor and his estimable family moved to Sturgis last week. We hope he will find some relief for his eyes, which have almost gone out, and return to us later well and sound.

Isam Morse has reached America after an eventful voyage across the Atlantic in the U. S. mail service. He is remembering his friends back home by sending them French money, 1 franc pieces.

Miss Ada Ford of Toledo Ohio and her brother Lemuel Ford of Cleveland Ohio arrived here Monday too late to attend the funeral and burial of their grand mother Mrs. Elizabeth James, and are now guests of their grandfather L. H. James.

Mrs. Maggie Owen and her daughter of Dycusburg section have moved to Marion, and the young lady will enter the Marion Graded and High School.

J. E. Dean and wife of Crider passed through the city Monday enroute to Al Dean's farm to visit Miss Nannie Dean who is ill.

Jeff Chandler has purchased the Jamie Howerton residence on North Main street for \$1500. Jamie is now in Camp Shelby at Hattiesburg, Miss.

Hugh Driver and his little family have rented the C. J. Pierce cottage on North Main street recently vacated by Trice Bennet.

Mrs. Dora Rodgers of Owensboro arrived last week to visit her relatives and many friends here in her old home where she is greatly beloved.

Dr. Clarence G. Moreland and Mrs. Moreland and little son, Elvin, left Sunday for Louisville to attend the Masonic Grand Lodge.

The Pierce & Elder sale Thursday was successfully carried out. The thirty-three months old Holstein male sold for \$140.00; one 4 year old male sold for \$130.00; twenty-four holstein and jersey cows brought prices ranging from \$50.00 to \$90.00; and 25 calves and heifers brought from \$14.00 to \$45.00; a sow and pigs brought \$68.00. The sale totaled \$2500.00 mostly for cash which shows how prosperous the country is at this time.

Mrs. Clarence Sisco and baby, of Sturgis, was the guest of Mrs. Paul Adams last week at the Flanary home on Salem street, where she had visited often, as Miss Gervis Shafer, before her marriage.

The Kentucky State Medical association will meet in Louisville, Nov. 6th and continue in session four days. All physicians in Crittenden and adjoining counties are urged to attend.

Mrs. Felix Grundy Cox who was taken to Evansville last Thursday for examination was found to have appendicitis and will be operated on at once. Her husband and daughter Mrs. D. O. Carnahan accompanied her.

Mrs. S. M. Shaver has returned to her home in Dallas Texas after a months visit with her parents Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Cannan on Walker street.

Judge J. F. Gordon of Madisonville who was called here to attend the funeral and burial of Mrs. Gordon's mother, Mrs. L. H. James left Monday for his home in Madisonville.

U. S. Marshall E. H. James, was too ill of acute indigestion to attend the funeral of his mother, Mrs. Elizabeth James who died Friday morning and was buried Saturday afternoon.

Rev. James F. Price attended the meeting of Ky. Synod last week. He was at Shiloh last Sunday at Home Coming day. They had a big time, a fine dinner, splendid program and a good social time.

He is at Maysville this week at the State Sunday school Convention.

Miss Mabel Minner has returned from a two months sojourn in Kansas, Colorado and other western sections. She was delighted with her trip and the west, but was glad to get back to old Kentucky.

## WOMEN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY

Marion Group Meeting October 25th, at The M. E. Church.

9:30 Hymn No. 633	Devotional Exercises	Rev. H. R. Short
Hymn No. 654	Welcome Address	Mrs. Charles
Response		Mrs. C. B. Petrie
Report of District Secretary		
The Effect of the War on Missions		Mrs. H. R. Short
Reports from Societies, Marion, all three, and others represented		
Solo		Miss Gussie Burgett
Membership Campaign		Mrs. T. T. Guess
Social Service		Mrs. Mark Easton
Prayer		
LUNCH		
1:00 Hymn		
Devotional Exercise		Mrs. F. W. Denton
Christian Stewardship		Mrs. J. M. Stone
The Mission Study Class		
The Report From The Council		Mrs. C. B. Petrie

Wm. Otho Nunn called in Saturday and paid \$1.00 for subscription to the Crittenden Record Press to be sent to Greeley F. Belt a former neighbor boy of his now at Camp Zachary Taylor, Louisville, Ky. This was a patriotic deed and we commend friend Nunn for it.

J. W. Freeman and wife of Cartersville Ill., who were guests of his brother J. M. Freeman and wife left Monday for their home.

Mrs. W. E. Crumbaugh and sons Eugene and Marlin motored over from Eddyville last Friday to spend the week end with Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Jenkins.

Mrs. S. M. Jenkins and son Sidney Marshall Jr., and nurse have returned from a short visit to Mrs. Mary A. Jenkins at Eddyville.

W. H. Graves called in Friday, Oct. 12th, which was a national holiday, and said for us to send three more copies of the Crittenden Record-Press to the Crittenden county boys at Camp Zachary Taylor, and also three more to the Camp at Hattiesburg, Miss., and to make his words good he planked down the money to pay for the six extra copies for the time he specified. This was a good act, one entirely worthy of "Columbus day." Will was evidently feeling patriotic, and he proved it by turning loose some of his money for the benefit and pleasure of the boys at the front.

Mrs. Sarah Boyd, the venerable mother of Prof. C. E. Boyd who moved here recently from Hampton, and lives on Bellville St. in the Geo. M. Crider house, fell on the concrete walk last week and bruised her face and other parts of her body severely. She mistook a step for a level place and pitched forward on her face. Although old and pretty badly bruised, she is recuperating satisfactorily.

Mrs. O. H. Paris and Mrs. C. B. Sullivan attended the Carl Hagenbeck Wallace Circus at Princeton last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Guy Lamb and Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Wilborn and two sons are among those who are attending the Masonic Grand Lodge in Louisville this week.

**Drives Out Malaria, Builds Up System**  
The Old Standard general strengthening tonic, GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC, drives out Malaria, enriches the blood, and builds up the system. A true tonic. For adults and children. See

J. E. Dean brought in some 12 inch ears of corn grown on the John Henry Turkey place up near Crider, which Mr. Dean says was the best corn he ever raised. This corn grew on the quality of the lime stone soil along branches and on the knobs of this fine old farm which the present owner has doubled producing power of since he bought it.

Mr. and Mrs. T. M. George of Salem passed through the city Tuesday enroute home from Princeton where they had been to visit his relatives.

Hershel and Watts Franklin visited friends near Greenville Sat. and Sun., returning home Sunday on the afternoon train.

**The Quinine That Does Not Affect the Head**  
Because of its tonic and laxative effect, LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE is better than ordinary Quinine and does not cause nervousness nor ringing in head. Remember the full name and look for the signature of E. W. GROVE, Jr.

Among the prominent Marionites who attended the Circus at Princeton were— Nathan Nesbit, Pratt Stanley, John Hicklin, Jeff Brantley, Prof. Kenna Powell, and Finis Butler and some others whose names we did not hear.

Misses Lilly Bell Dunn, Margaret Orme, and Roberta Moore attended the Circus at Princeton last week.

Mrs. A. D. Knight of Rosiclare Ill., who has been the guest of her sister Mrs. Clarence Morgan on South Walker St., has returned home.

Mrs. A. F. Crider and her children who spent the summer here the guests of Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Crider, have gone to Winchester to reside. Mr. Crider is in the oil field near there.

**When you feel** confused, nervous, tired, worried or depressed, it is a sure sign you need **MOTT'S NERVE PILLS**. They renew the normal vigor and make life worth living. **Mott's Nerve Pills** are sold by **WILLIAMS MED. CO.** Proprietors, Chicago, Ill.

Mr. Archie Fletcher and Effie Blake of the western section of the county drove to Marion and were united in marriage by Rev. W. F. Hogard in the parlor of the 1st Baptist church.

Mrs. H. S. Newcom, wife and son Mrs. S. S. Amerson and Miss Hattie Phillips were here from Sullivan on a shopping expedition Wednesday.

Rev. W. F. Hogard arrived Wednesday to take Mrs. Hogard home and also to attend the Golden Wedding Anniversary of W. J. Hill and wife at Hillsdale. He and Mrs. Hogard will go today to their home in Elizabethtown Ky.

**To Cure a Cold in One Day.**  
Take LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. It stops the Cough and Headache and works off the Cold. Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE'S signature on each box. See

R. H. Perry of southeast Mo. who was here last week to visit his mother and sisters and brothers has returned home.

Mrs. W. B. Yandell has been named as chairman of the Crittenden county board for the conservation of food. She will distribute the pledge cards through the county school teachers. The cards reads as follows: "PLEDGE CARD FOR UNITED STATES FOOD ADMINISTRATION. If you have already signed, pass this on to a friend. TO THE FOOD ADMINISTRATION: I am glad to join you in the service of food conservation for our nation and I hereby accept membership in the United States Food Administration, pledging myself to carry out the directions and advice of the Food Administrator in my home, insofar as my circumstances permit."

There are no fees or dues to be paid. The Food Administration wishes to have as members all of those actually handling food in the home. Anyone may have the Home Card of Instruction, but only those signing pledges are entitled to Membership Window Card, which will be delivered upon receipt of the signed pledge. Mrs. Yandell has time, the means and the patriotism to attend to the important duties of this office, and Food Commissioner Hoover may look for every detail to be attended to in Crittenden county under her supervision.

The columns of the Crittenden Record-Press are open and free to Chairman Yandell and all her assistants.

## The October Bargain Rush.

Hundreds of people in this vicinity are subscribing to the Evansville Courier at the bargain rates, thus saving a precious dollar. While the regular price of The Courier daily by mail, on year, is \$5.00, the October bargain rate is \$4.00 and our people have the opportunity to secure one of the best and first of daily newspapers at a very reasonable price.

Subscriptions may be sent to The Courier direct or handed in at this office or to the postmaster.

## DEATHS

Mrs. Elizabeth Jane James wife of Hon. Lemuel H. James died at her home in this city Friday morning at 5 o'clock after an illness of only a few days of pneumonia which developed quickly in both lungs, after she was taken ill less than a week before. With her when the end came were her husband and two daughters, Miss Lizzie and Mrs. Ruby Gordon, wife of Judge J. F. Gordon of Madisonville, all of whom have ever been solicitous of her health, mindful of her comfort, and devoted to her in truth, at all times.

Mrs. James left two sons—U. S. Senator Ollie M. James of Washington, D. C. who was speeding homeward thru the mountains of West Va., when he was informed that his mother was dead. Her other son U. S. Marshall E. H. James of Louisville was confined to his bed and so ill as to make it impossible for him to be here or for his family to leave him.

The funeral was preached at the residence Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock, Rev. Harry R. Short officiating. His discourse and readings were especially appropriate to the occasion and to the life of the deceased.

Messrs. L. L. and Neal Guess and T. R. and Geo. W. Yates composing the male quartette from her church sang a beautiful selection, after which the friends were given an opportunity to view the remains.

The pall bearers were former Judge J. W. Blue, Thos. H. Cochran, former Judge J. G. Rochester, Thomas J. Yandell, former Judge of the Court of Appeals C. S. Nunn, and S. M. Jenkins each of whom knew the deceased for many years, and were her neighbors and friends and held her in the highest esteem. The services were concluded at the grave by Rev. Short and the honored dead was laid to rest under a rose covered mound hidden with flowers and exotics from every clime and sent from the four corners of the globe, from the President of the United States, Senators and officials in high life here and elsewhere. Altho the new made graue was covered with floral designs, a wagon load of flowers reached here the next day and some came Monday, all the designs known to the florists art being brought into use. Never in the history of Marion had such a lavish display been seen here.

In the death of Mrs. James one of Americas typical women has gone from us forever. Her life was as plain and simple as she could make it, she cared not for display or show of any kind she had often been likened to Nancy Hanks the immortal mother of Abraham Lincoln. It has been told of her that she assisted her husband greatly in getting his education in their early married life and that she gave him the inspiration and the encouragement at the needful moment to develop his receptive mind and to attain a standing unsurpassed in law in this or any other state. One of her daughters is a lawyer and the wife of an eminent jurist. Another now

dead was a noted educator and married a Prof in one of the Western Colleges, one son is a United States Marshall and the other was a Congressman when barely of legal age and now holds a seat in the Senate of the United States and is the friend and confident of no less distinguished a personage than Woodrow Wilson, that master mind, now dominating the policies of all the governments of the earth.

When Mrs. James was in Washington only a short time ago, comparatively, President Wilson gave her with his own hands a bouquet of exquisite roses and gave orders that flowers from the White House gardens should be sent each day to adorn the apartments occupied in the nations capital by this old fashioned mother from Old Kentucky, whom he admired for her plain unassuming manner. And yet she was so refined and retiring by nature that no boast ever escaped her lips of all the honors shown her, and had not others told it, it would never have been known here.

Mrs. James was of a domestic turn and delighted in her husband her children and grandchildren, her garden, her house hold duties, her chickens and her cows, and no doubt her life was prolonged by her activities in these affairs of the home. She was before her marriage a Miss Brailey of Coffee County Tennessee and came here during the civil war, she was married to Lemuel H. James April 25th., 1862 he having been a native of Smith County Tennessee and to this union was born 8 children, 4 of whom are dead. They being two daughters Miss Ada, Mrs. Flora Ford, and two sons, Rodney Frances and Wm. Henry.

She deceased was in her 74th., year and spent over a half century of that in the service of the master, she having been a consistent member of the Methodist Church for 55 years.

The is survived by 5 grand children, they being Miss Ada Ford of Toledo, Ohio, Lemuel J. Ford of Cleveland, Ohio, Misses Lemah and Virginia James and Master Ollie M. James, Jr., of Louisville. Other than her immediate family she has no near relatives living, excepting one niece, formerly Miss Sallie Martin now Mrs. S. E. Walker of Birmingham, Ala.

The deceased was a charter member of the Ladies Aid Society and her death leaves only a few of those who were with her when that great society made its humble beginning; those left whom we now recall being Mrs. Jane Walker and Mrs. Victoria Deboe of this city and Mrs. Kitty Hodge of Princeton.

Expressions of sympathy to the family came in messages from all parts of the United States.

Among the first of many messages sent from Washington was the following:

"Hon. Ollie M. James: Mrs. Wilson and I extend to you our profound sympathy in your sorrow. God grant you comfort and solace."

"WOODROW WILSON."

## Your Wife Can Use It

If you are away from home and one of your horses takes the colic your wife can treat him if she has Farris' Colic Remedy in the house. It is easy to use. Just drop it on the horse's tongue and in thirty minutes he is relieved. Get it today. You may need tomorrow.

Sold by James H. Orme.

## Khedive of Egypt Dies

London, Oct. 10. —The Daily Telegraph says it learns that the Khedive of Egypt died at noon Tuesday.

Hussein Kemal was chosen by Great Britain in 1914, to succeed his uncle Khedive Abbas Wilmi, as ruler of Egypt, simultaneously with the proclamation of a British protectorate. His father was khedive from 1865 to 1879.

## Catarrh of Stomach

Mrs. Mary Fennell, R. F. D., Pomona, Missouri, writes:

"I wish to say a few words in the praise of Peruna. I have used it with good results for cramps in the stomach. Also found it the very thing for catarrh of the head. My sister was cured of catarrh of stomach by the use of Peruna."

Mrs. E. T. Chomer, 69 East 42nd St., Chicago, Ill., says: "Manalin best laxative on the market for liver and bowels, very good for indigestion and heart burn."

Those who object to liquid medicines can secure Peruna tablets.

Made Well  
By Peruna.  
My Sister  
Also Cured

By

PE-RU-NA





# KING-OF-THE-KHYBER RIFLES

## A Romance of Adventure

By TALBOT MUNDY

### CHAPTER I.

The men who govern India—more power to them and her—are few. Those who stand in their way and pretend to help them with a flood of words are a host. The charge has been the light in print that India—well-spring of plague and sudden death and money lenders—has sold her soul to twenty succeeding conquerors in turn.

So when the world war broke the world was destined to be surprised on India's account. The Red sea, full of racing transports crowded with dark-skinned gentlemen, whose prayer was that the war might not be over before they should have struck a blow for Britain, was the Indian army's answer to the press.

More than one nation was deeply shocked by India's answer to "practices" that had extended over years. But there were men in India who learned to love India long ago with that love that casts out fear, who knew exactly what was going to happen and could therefore afford to wait for orders instead of running round in rings.

Athelstan King, for instance, nothing yet but a captain unattached, sat in meagerly furnished quarters with his heels on a table. He is not a doctor, yet he read a book on surgery; and when he went over to the club he carried the book under his arm and continued to read it there. In the other room where the telegraph blanks were littered in confusion all about the floor, the other officers sent telegrams and forgot King, who sat and smoked and read about surgery; and before he had nearly finished one



"Come at Once," It Said.

Box of cheroots a general at Peshawur wiped a bald red skull and sent him an urgent telegram.

"Come at once!" It said simply. King was at Lahore, but miles don't matter when the dogs of war are loosed. The right man goes to the right place at the exact right time then, and the fool goes to the wall. In that one respect war is better than some kinds of peace.

In the train on the way to Peshawur he was not troubled by forced conversation. Consequently he reached Peshawur comfortable, in spite of the heat. And his genial manner of saluting the full-general who met him with a dogcart at Peshawur station was something scandalous. Full-generals, particularly in the early days of war, do not drive to the station to meet captains very often; yet King climbed into the dogcart unexcitedly, after keeping the general waiting while he checked a trunk!

The general cracked his whip without any other comment than a smile. A blood mare tore sparks out of the macadam, and a dusty military road began to ribbon out between the wheels. Sentries in unexpected places announced themselves with a ring of shaken spears as their rifles came to the "present," which courtesies the general noticed with a raised whip. On the dogcart's high front seat, staring straight ahead of him between the horse's ears, King listened. The general did nearly all the talking.

"The North's the danger," King grunted with the lids half-lowered over full, dark eyes. He did not look especially handsome in that attitude. Some men swear he looks like a Roman, and others like him to a gargoyle, all of them choosing to ignore the smile that can transform his whole face instantly.

"We're denuding India of troops—not keeping back more than a mere handful to hold the tribes in check." King nodded. There has never been peace along the northwest border. It did not need vision to foresee trouble from that quarter. In fact it must have been partly on the strength of some of King's reports that the general was planning now.

"Well, the tribes'll know presently how many men we're sending overseas. There've been rumors about Khinjan by the hundred lately. They're cooking something. Can you imagine 'em keeping quiet now?"

"That depends, sir. Yes, I can imagine it."

The general laughed. "That's why I sent for you. I need a man with imagination! There's a woman you've got to work with on this occasion who can imagine a shade or two too much. What's worse, she's ambitious. So I chose you to work with her."

King's lips stiffened under his mustache, and the corners of his eyes wrinkled into crow's feet to correspond. Eyes are never coal-black, of course, but his looked it at that minute.

"You know we've sent men to Khinjan who are said to have entered the caves. Not one of 'em has ever returned."

King frowned.

"She claims she can enter the caves and come out again at pleasure. She has offered to do it, and I have accepted. Can you guess who she is?" "Not Yasmin!" King hazarded, and the general nodded. The helmet-strap mark, printed indelibly on King's jaw and cheek by the Indian sun, tightened and grew whiter—as the general noted out of the corner of his eye.

"Know her?" "Know of her, of course, sir. Everybody does. Never met her to my knowledge."

"Um-m-m! Whose fault was that? Somebody ought to have seen to that. Go to Delhi now and meet her. I'll send her a wire to say you're coming. She knows I've chosen you. She tried to insist on full discretion, but I overruled her."

King's tongue licked his lips, and his eyes wrinkled. The general's voice became the least shade more authoritative.

"When you see her, get a pass from her that'll take you into Khinjan caves! Ask her for it! For the sake of appearances I'll gazette you seconded to the Khyber rifles. For the sake of success, get a pass from her!" "Very well, sir."

"You're a brother in the Khyber rifles, haven't you? Was it you or your brother who visited Khinjan once and sent in a report?" "I did, sir."

He spoke without pride. Even the brigade of British-Indian cavalry that went to Khinjan on the strength of his report and leveled its defenses with the ground, had not been able to find the famous caves. Yet the caves themselves are a byword.

"There's talk of a jihad (holy war). There's worse than that! When you went to Khinjan, what was your chief object?"

"To find the source of the everlasting rumors about the so-called 'Heart of the Hills,' sir."

"Yes, yes, I remember. I read your report. You didn't find anything, did you? Well, the story is now that the 'Heart of the Hills' has come to life. So the spies say."

King whistled softly. "There's no guessing what it means," said the general. "Go and work with Yasmin. The spies keep bringing in rumors of ten thousand men in Khinjan caves, and of another large lashkar not far away from Khinjan. There must be no jihad, King! India is all but defenseless! This story about a 'Heart of the Hills' coming to life may presage unity of action and a holy war such as the world has not seen. Go up there and stop it if you can. At least, let me know the facts."

King grunted. To stop a holy war single handed would be rather like stopping the wind—possibly easy enough, if one knew the way. Yet he knew no general would throw away a man like himself on a useless venture. He began to look happy.

The general clicked to the mare and one wheel ceased to touch the gravel as they whirled along a semicircular drive. Under the porch of a pretentious residence, sentries saluted, the sails swung down and in less than sixty seconds King was following the general through a wide entrance into a crowded hall. The instant the general's fat figure darkened the doorway twenty men of higher rank than King, native and English, rose from lined-up chairs and pressed forward.

"Sorry—have to keep you all waiting—busy!" He waved them aside with a little apologetic gesture. "Come in here, King."

King followed him through a door that slammed tight behind him on rubber jambs.

"Sit down!" The general unlocked a steel drawer and began to rummage among the papers in it. In a minute he produced a package, bound in rubber bands, with a faded photograph face upward on the top.

"That's the woman! How do you like the look of her?"

King took the package and for a minute stared hard at the likeness of a woman whose fame has traveled up and down India, until her witchery has become a proverb. She was dressed as a dancing woman, yet very few dancing women could afford to be dressed as she was.

The general watched his face with eyes that missed nothing. "Remember—I said work with her!" King looked up and nodded. "They say she's three parts Russian," said the general. "To my knowledge she speaks Russian like a native, and about twenty other tongues as well, including English. She was the girl widow of a rascally hill rajah. I've heard she loved her rajah. And



"That's the Woman! How Do You Like the Look of Her?"

I've heard she didn't! There's another story that she poisoned him. I know she got away with his money—and that's proof enough of brains! Some say she's a she-devil. I think that's an exaggeration, but bear in mind she's dangerous!"

King grinned. A man who trusts Eastern women over readily does not rise far in the secret service.

"If you've got nous enough to keep on her soft side and use her—not let her use you—you can keep the 'Hills' quiet and the Khyber safe! If you can contrive that—now—in this pinch—there's no limit for you! Commander in chief shall be your job before you're sixty!"

King pocketed the photograph and papers. "I'm well enough content, sir, as things are," he said quietly. The general paced once across the room and once back again, with hands behind him. Then he stopped in front of King.

"No man in India has a stiffer task than you have now! A jihad launched from the 'Hills' would mean anarchy in the plains. That would entail sending back from France an army that can't be spared. There must be no jihad, King! There must—not—be—one! Keep that in your head!"

"What arrangements have been made with her, sir?" "Practically none! She's watching the spies in Delhi, but they're likely to break for the 'Hills' any minute. Then they'll be arrested. When that happens the fate of India may be in your hands and hers! Get out of my way now, until tiffin time!"

In a way that some men never learn, King proceeded to efface himself entirely among the crowd in the hall, contriving to say nothing of any account to anybody until the great gong boomed and the general led them all in to his long dining table. Yet he did not look furtive or secretive. Nobody noticed him, and he noticed everybody. There is nothing whatever secretive about that.

The fare was plain, and the meal a perfunctory affair. The general and his guests were there for no other reason than to eat food, and only the man who happened to seat himself next to King—a major by the name of Hyde—spoke to him at all.

"Why aren't you with your regiment?" he asked. "Because the general asked me to lunch, sir!"

"I suppose you've been pestering him for an appointment?"

King, with his mouth full of curry, did not answer, but his eyes smiled. After lunch he was closeted with the general again for twenty minutes. Then one of the general's carriages took him to the station; and it did not appear to trouble him at all that the other occupant of the carriage was the self-same Major Hyde who had sat next him at lunch. In fact, he smiled so pleasantly that Hyde grew exasperated. Neither of them spoke. At the station Hyde lost his temper openly, and King left him abusing an unhappy native servant.

The station was crammed to suffocation by a crowd that roared and writhed and smelt to high heaven. But the general himself had telephoned for King's reservation, so he took his time. There were din and stink and dust beneath a savage sun, shaken into reverberations by the scream of an engine's safety valve. It was India in essence and awake—India arising out of lethargy—India as she is more often nowadays—and it made King, for the time being of the Khyber rifles, happier than some other men can be in ballrooms.

Any one who watched him—and there was at least one man who did—must have noticed his strange ability, almost like that of water, to reach the point he aimed for, through, and not around, the crowd.

He neither shored nor argued. Orders and blows would have been equally useless, for had he tried the crowd could not have obeyed, and it was in no mind to try. Without the least apparent effort he arrived—and there is no other word that quite describes it—he arrived. He climbed into his carriage and leaned from the window.

"Why are you here?" asked an acid

voice bent low; and without troubling to turn his head, he knew that Major Hyde was to be his carriage mate again.

"Orders," said King.

"Is that your answer?" asked the major. Barked ambition is an ugly horse to ride. He had tried for a command but had been shelved.

"I have sufficient authority," said King, unruffled. He spoke as if he were thinking of something entirely different. His eyes were as if they saw the major from a very long way off and rather approved of him on the whole.

"Show me your authority, please!"

King dived into an inner pocket and produced a card that had about ten words written on its face, above a general's signature. Hyde read it and passed it back.

"So you're one of those, are you?" he said in a tone of voice that would start a fight in some parts of the world and in some services. But King nodded cheerfully, and that annoyed the major more than ever; he sported, closed his mouth with a snap and turned to rearrange the sheet and pillow on his berth.

### CHAPTER II.

The train pulled out, amid a din of voices from the left-behind that nearly drowned the panting of the overloaded engine. Hyde all but stripped himself and drew on striped pajamas. King was content to lie in shirt sleeves on the other berth, with knees raised, so that Hyde could not overlook the general's papers. At his ease he studied them one by one, memorizing a string of names, with details as to their owners' antecedents and probable present whereabouts. There were several photographs in the packet, and he studied them very carefully indeed.

But much more carefully of all he examined Yasmin's portrait, returning to it again and again. He reached the conclusion in the end that when it was taken she had been cunningly disguised.

"This was intended for purpose of identification at a given time and place," he told himself.

"Were you muttering at me?" asked Hyde.

"No sir. Nothing of the sort intended."

Hyde turned an indignant back on him, and King studied the back as if he found it interesting. On the whole he looked sympathetic, so it was as well that Hyde did not look around. Barked ambition as a rule loathes sympathy.

After many prickly-hot, interminable, jolting hours the train drew up at Rawal-Pindi station. Instantly King was on his feet with his trunk on, and he was out on the blazing hot platform before the train's motion had quite ceased.

He began to walk up and down, not elbowing but percolating through the crowd, missing nothing worth noticing in all the hot kaleidoscope and seeming to find new amusement at every turn. It was not in the least astonishing that a well-dressed native should address him presently, for he looked genial enough to be asked to hold a baby. King himself did not seem surprised at all. Far from it; he looked pleased.

"Excuse me, sir," said the man in glib babu English. "I am seeking Captain King sahib, for whom my brother is very anxious to be servant. Can you kindly tell me, sir, where I could find Captain King sahib?"

"Certainly," King answered him. He looked glad to be of help. "Are you traveling on this train?"

The question sounded like politeness welling from the lips of unsuspicion. "Yes, sir. I am traveling from this place where I have spent a few days, to Bombay, where my business is."

"How did you know King sahib is on the train?" King asked him, smiling so genially that even the police could not have charged him with more than curiosity.

"By telegram, sir. My brother had the misfortune to miss Captain King sahib at Peshawur and therefore sent a telegram to me asking me to do what I can at an interview."

"I see," said King. "I see." And judging by the sparkle in his eyes as he looked away, he could see a lot. But the native could not see his eyes at that instant, although he tried to.

He looked back at the train, giving the man a good chance to study his face in profile.

"See that carriage?" he asked, pointing. "The fourth first-class carriage from the end? Well—there are only two of us in there; I'm Major Hyde, and the other is Captain King. I'll tell Captain King to look out for you."

"Oh, thank you, sir," said the native obligingly. "You are most kind! I am your humble servant, sir!"

King nodded good-by to him, his dark eyes in the shadow of the khaki helmet seeming scarcely interested any longer. "Couldn't you find another berth?" Hyde asked him angrily when he stepped back into the compartment. "What were you out there looking for?"

King smiled back at him blandly. "I think there are railway thieves on the train," he announced without any effort at relevance. He might not have heard the question.

Hyde snorted and returned to his seat in the silence of unspeakable scorn. But presently he opened a suitcase and drew out a repeating pistol which he cocked carefully and stowed beneath his pillow; not at all a contemptible move, because the Indian railway thief is the most resourceful specialist in the world. But King took no overt precautions of any kind.

After more interminable hours night shut down on them, red-hot, black-dark, miserably subdued into seconds by the thump of carriage wheels and

at intervals by showers of sparks from the gasping engine. Then King, strangely without kicking off his shoes, drew a sheet up over his shoulders. On the opposite berth Hyde covered his head, to keep dust out of his hair, and presently King heard him begin to snore gently. Then, very carefully he adjusted his own position so that his profile lay outlined in the dim light from the gas lamp in the roof. He might almost have been waiting to be shaved. Long after midnight his vigil was rewarded by a slight sound at the door. From that instant his eyes were on the watch, under dark closed lashes; but his even breathing was that of the seventh stage of sleep that knows no dreams.

A click of the door-latch heralded the appearance of a hand. With skill, of the sort that only special training can develop, a man in native dress insinuated himself into the carriage without making another sound of any kind. King's ears are part of the equipment for his exacting business, but he could not hear the door click shut again.

For about five minutes, while the train swayed headlong into Indian darkness, the man stood listening and watching King's face. He stood so near that King recognized him for the one who had accosted him on Rawal-



He Feigned Sleep So Successfully That the Native Turned Away at Last.

Pindi platform. And he could see the outline of the knife-hilt that the man's fingers clutched underneath his shirt. He feigned sleep so successfully that the native turned away at last.

"Thought so!" He dared open his eyes a mite wider. "He's pukka—true to type! Rob first and then kill!"

As he watched, the thief drew the sheet back from Hyde's face, with trained fingers that could have taken spectacles from the victim's nose without his knowledge. Then as fish glide in and out among the reeds without touching them, swift and soft and unseen, his fingers searched Hyde's body. They found nothing.

King moved in his sleep, rather noisily, and the movement knocked a book to the floor from the foot of his berth. The noise of that woke Hyde, and King pretended to begin to wake, yawning and rolling on his back (that being much the safest position an unarmed man can take and much the most awkward for his enemy).

"Thieves!" Hyde yelled at the top of his lungs, groping wildly for his pistol and not finding it.

King sat up and rubbed his eyes. The native drew the knife, and—believing himself in command of the situation—hesitated for one priceless second. He saw his error and darted for the door too late. With a movement unbelievably swift King was there ahead of him; and with another movement not so swift, but much more disconcerting, he threw his sheet as the retreating used to throw a net in ancient Rome. It wrapped round the native's head and arms, and the two went together to the floor in a twisted stranglehold.

In another half-minute the native was groaning, for King had his knife-wrist in two hands and was bending it backward while he pressed the man's stomach with his knees.

The knife fell to the floor, and the thief made a gallant effort to recover it, but King was too strong for him. He seized the knife himself, slipped it in his own bosom and resumed his hold before the native guessed what he was after. The train screamed itself to a standstill at a wayside station, and a man with a lantern began to chant the station's name. The instant the train's motion altogether ceased the boat shut in on them as if the lid of Tophet had been slammed. The prickly heat burst out all over Hyde's skin and King's too.

There was plenty of excuse for relaxing hold, and King made full use of it. A second later he gave a very good pretense of pain in his finger ends as the thief burst free. The native made a dive at his bosom for the knife, but he frustrated that. Then he made a prodigious effort, just too late, to clutch the man again, and he did succeed in tearing loose a piece of shirt; but the fleeing robber must have wondered, as he bolted into the blacker shadows of the station building, why such an iron-fingered, wide-awake sahib should have made such a truly feeble showing at the end.

"Hang it!—couldn't you hold him? Were you afraid of him, or what?" demanded Hyde, beginning to dress himself. Instead of answering, King leaned out into the lamp-lit gloom, and in a minute he caught sight of a sergeant of native infantry passing down the

train. He made a sign that brought the man to him on the run.

"Did you see that runaway?" he asked.

"Ha, sahib. I saw one running. Shall I follow?"

"No. This piece of his shirt will identify him. Take it. Hide it! When a man with a torn shirt, into which that piece fits, makes for the telegraph office after this train has gone on, see that he is allowed to send any telegrams he wants to! Only, have copies of every one of them wired to Captain King, care of the stationmaster, Delhi. Have you understood?"

"Ha, sahib."

"Grab him, and lock him up tight afterward—but not until he has sent his telegrams!"

"Atcha, sahib."

"Make yourself scarce, then!"

Major Hyde was dressed, having performed that military evolution in something less than record time.

"Who was that you were talking to?" he demanded. But King did not seem to understand until the native sergeant had quite vanished into the shadows.

The engine shrieked of death and torment; the heat relaxed as the engine moved—loosened—let go—lifted at last, and a trainload of hot passengers sighed thanks.

"What are you looking at?" Hyde demanded at last, sitting on King's berth.

"Only a knife," said King. He was standing under the dim gas lamp that helped make the darkness more unbearable. He stowed the knife away in his bosom, and the major croaked to his own side.

Within ten minutes Hyde was asleep, snoring prodigiously. Then King pulled out the knife again and studied it for an hour. The blade was of bronze, with an edge hammered to the keenness of a razor. The hilt was of nearly pure gold, in the form of a woman dancing. The whole thing was so exquisitely wrought that age had only softened the lines, without in the least impairing them. It looked like one of those Greek toys with which Roman women of Nero's day stabbed their lovers. But that was not why he began to whistle very softly to himself.

Presently he drew out the general's package of papers, with the photograph on the top. He stood up, to hold both knife and papers close to the light in the roof.

It needed no great stretch of imagination to suggest a likeness between the woman of the photograph and the other, of the golden knife-hilt. And nobody, looking at him then, would have dared suggest he lacked imagination.

If the knife had not been so ancient they might have been portraits of the same woman, in the same disguise, taken at the same time.

"She knew I had been chosen to work with her. The general sent her word that I am coming," he muttered to himself. "There must have been a spy watching at Peshawur, who wired to Rawal-Pindi for this man to jump the train and go on with the job. Why should she give the man a knife with her own portrait on it? Is she queen of a secret society? Well—we shall see!"

He lay back with his head on the pillow, and before five minutes more he had gone to sleep. His mobile face in repose looked Roman, for the sun had tanned his skin and his nose was aquiline. In museums, where sculptured heads of Roman generals and emperors stand around the wall on pedestals, it would not be difficult to pick several that bore more than a faint resemblance to him. He had breadth and depth of forehead and a jaw that lent itself to smiles as well as sternness, and a throat that expressed mainly determination in every molded line.

He slept like a boy until dawn; and he and Hyde had scarcely exchanged another dozen words when the train screamed next day into Delhi station. Then he saluted stiffly and was gone.

### CHAPTER III.

Delhi boasts a round half-dozen railway stations, all of them designed with regard to war, so that to King there was nothing unexpected in the fact that the train had brought him to an unexpected station. He plunged into its crowd much as a man in the mood might plunge into a whirlpool. The station screamed echoed reverberated, hummed. At one minute the whole building shook to the thunder of a running regiment; an instant later it clattered to the wrought-steel hammer of a thousand hoofs, as led troop-horses danced into formation to invade the waiting tracks. Soldiers of nearly every Indian military caste stood about everywhere. Down the back of each platform Tommy Atkins stood in long straight lines, talking or munching great sandwiches or smoking.

Threading his way in and out among the motley swarm with a great black cheroot between his teeth and sweat running into his eyes from his helmet-band, Athelstan King strode at ease—at home—intent—amused—awake—and almost awfully happy. He was not in the least less happy because perfectly aware that a native was following him at a distance, although he did wonder how the native had contrived to pass within the lines. At the end of fifteen minutes there was not a ghil staff officer there who could have deceived him as to the numbers and destination of the force entraining.

"Kerachi!" he told himself, chewing the butt of his cigar and keeping well ahead of the shadowing native. He did not have to return salutes, because he did not look for them. Very few people noticed him at all, although he was recognized once or twice by former associates. At his leisure—in his



own way, that was devils and like string of miracles—he filtered toward the telegraph office. The native who had followed him all this time drew closer, but he did not let himself be troubled by that.

He whispered proof of his identity to the telegraph clerk, who was a Raja engineer, new to that job that morning, and a sealed telegram was handed to him at once. Because it was war time, and the censorship had closed on India like a throttling string, it was not in code. So the Mirza Ali, of the Fort, Bombay, to whom it was addressed, could be expected to react between the lines.

Cattle intended for slaughter, dispatches Bombay on fourteen down. Meet train will be inspected en route, but should be dealt with carefully on arrival. Cattle inclined to stampede owing to bad scare received north of Delhi. Take all precautions and notify Abdul.

"Good!" he chuckled. "Let's hope we get Abdul too. I wonder who he is."

Still uninterested in the man who shadowed him, he walked back to the office window and wrote two telegrams; one to Bombay, ordering the arrest of Ali Mirza of the Fort, with an urgent admonition to discover who his man Abdul might be, and to seize him as soon as found; the other to the station in Delhi, insisting on close confinement for Suliman.

That being all the urgent business, he turned leisurely to face his shadow, and the native met his eyes with the engaging frankness of an old friend, coming forward with outstretched hand. They did not shake hands, but the men made a signal with his fingers that is known to not more than a dozen men in all the world, and that changed the situation altogether.

"Walk with me," said King, and the man fell into stride beside him.

He was a Rajput who, or whose ancestors had turned Mohammedan. Like many Rajputs he was not a big man, but he looked fit and wiry; his head scarcely came above the level of King's chin, although his turban distracted attention from the fact. The turban was of silk and unusually large.

The whitest of well-kept teeth, gleaming regularly under a little black waxed mustache betrayed no trace of latent or other nastiness. King was not so sure that the eyes were brown, and he changed his opinion about their color a dozen times within the hour. Once he would even have sworn they were green.

The man was a regular Rangar dandy, of the type that can be seen playing polo almost any day at Mount Abu—that gets into mischief with a grace due to practice and heredity—



"I Have a Message for You."

but that does not manage its estates too well as a rule, nor pay its debts in a hurry.

"My name is Rewa Gunga," he said in a low voice. "I have a message for you."

"From whom?"

"From her!" said the Rangar, and without exactly knowing why, or being pleased with himself, King felt excited.

They were walking toward the station exit. King had a trunk check in his hand, but returned it to his pocket, not proposing just yet to let the Rangar overhear instructions regarding the trunk's destination; he was too good-looking and too overblinking with personal charm to be trusted thus early in the game. Besides, there was that captured knife, that blotted at lies and treachery. Secret signs as well as lost have been stolen before now.

"I'd like to walk through the streets and see the crowd."

He smiled as he said that, knowing well that the average young Rajput of good birth would rather fight a tiger with cold steel than walk a mile or two. He drew fire at once.

"Why walk, King sahib? Are we not at the station? There is a carriage waiting—her carriage—and a coachman whose ears were torn dead. We might be overheard in the street. Are you and I children, tossing stones into a pool to watch the ripples vibrate?"

"Lead on, then," answered King. Outside the station was a luxuriously modern victoria, with C springs and rubber tires, with horses that would have done credit to a vicar. The Rangar motioned King to get in first, and the moment they were both seated the Rajput coachman set the

horses to going like the wind. Rewa Gunga opened a jeweled cigarette case. "Will you have one?" he asked with the air of royalty entertaining a blood-equal.

King accepted a cigarette for politeness' sake and took occasion to admire the man's slender wrist, that was doubtless hard and strong as woven steel, but was not much more than half the thickness of his own. One of the questions that occurred to King that minute was why this well-bred youngster whose age he guessed at twenty-two or so had not turned his attention to the army.

"My height!"

The men had read his thoughts! "Not quite tall enough. Besides—you are a soldier, are you not? And do you fight?" Then, after a minute of rather strained silence: "My message is from her."

"From Yasmini?"

"Who else?"

King accepted the rebuke with a little inclination of the head. He spoke as little as possible, because he was puzzled. He had become conscious of a puzzled look in the Rangar's eyes and it only added to his problem if the Rangar found in him something inexplicable. The West can only get the better of the East when the East is too cock-sure.

"She has jolly well gone North!" said the Rangar suddenly, and King shut his teeth with a snap. He sat bolt upright, and the Rangar allowed himself to look amused.

"She has often heard of you," he said.

"I've heard of her," said King.

"Of course! Who has not? She has desired to meet you, sahib, ever since she was told you are the best man in your service."

King grunted, thinking of the knife beneath his shirt. Again, it was as if the Rangar read a part of his thoughts, if not all of them. It is not difficult to counter that trick, but to do it a man must be on his guard, or the East will know what he has thought and what he is going to think, as many have discovered when it was too late.

"Her men are able to protect anybody's life from any God's number of assassins, whatever may lead you to think the contrary. From now forward your life is in her men's keeping!"

"Very good of her, I'm sure," King murmured. He was thinking of the general's express order to apply for a "passport" that would take him into Khinjan caves—mentally cursing the necessity for asking any kind of favor—and wondering whether to ask this man for it or wait until he should meet Yasmini. The Rangar answered his thoughts again as if he had spoken them aloud.

"She left this with me, saying I am to give it to you! I am to say that wherever you wear it, between here and Afghanistan, your life shall be safe and you may come and go!"

King stared. The Rangar drew a bracelet from an inner pocket and held it out. It was a wonderful barbaric thing of pure gold, big enough for a grown man's wrist, and old enough to have been hammered out in the very womb of time. It looked almost like ancient Greek, and it fastened with a hinge and clasp that looked as if they did not belong to it and might have been made by a not very skillful modern jeweler.

"Won't you wear it?" asked Rewa Gunga, watching him. "It will prove a true talisman! What was the name of the Johnny who had a lamp to rub? Aladdin? It will be better than what he had! He could only command a lot of bogies. This will give you authority over flesh and blood! Take it, sahib!"

So King put it on, letting it slip up his sleeve out of sight—with a sensation as the snap closed of putting handcuffs on himself. But the Rangar looked relieved.

"That is your passport, sahib! Show it to a hillman whenever you suppose yourself in danger. The Raj might go to pieces, but while Yasmini lives—"

"Her friends will boast about her, I suppose!"

King finished the sentence for him because it is not considered good form for natives to hint at possible dissolution of the Anglo-Indian government. Everybody knows that the British will not govern India forever, but the British—who know it best of all, and work to that end most fervently—are the only ones encouraged to talk about it.

For a few minutes after that Rewa Gunga held his peace, while the carriage swayed at breakneck speed through the swarming streets. King, watching and saying nothing, did not believe for a second the lame explanation Yasmini had left behind. She must have some good reason for wishing to be first up the Khyber, and he was very sorry indeed she had slipped away. It might be only jealousy, yet why should she be jealous?

It was the next remark of the Rangar's that set him entirely on his guard, and henceforward whoever could have read his thoughts would have been more than human. He had known of that thought-rending trick ever since his ayah (native nurse) taught him to lip Hindustanee; just as surely he knew that his impudent pose was intended to sap his belief in himself.

"I'll bet you a hundred dubs," said the Rangar, "that she decided to be there first and get control of the situation! She's slippery, and quick, and like all women, she's jealous!"

The Rangar's eyes were on him, but King was not to be caught again. It is quite easy to think behind a fence, so to speak, if one gives attention to it. "She will be busy presently fooling these Afridi," he continued, waving his cigarette. "She has fooled them always, to the hilt of their badly bent backs! The Rajput coachman set the

amusement and power—a good game—a deep game! You have seen already how India has to ask her aid in the 'Hills!' She loves power, power, power—not for its name, for names are nothing, but to use it."

"How long have you known her?" asked King.

The Rangar eyed him sharply. "A long time. She and I played together when we were children. It is because she knows me very well that she chose me to travel North with you, when you start to find her in the 'Hills!'"

King cleared his throat, and the Rangar nodded, looking into his eyes with the engaging confidence of a child who never has been refused anything, in or out of reason. King made no effort to look pleased.

Just then the coachman took a last corner at a gallop and drew the horses up on their haunches at a door in a high white wall. Rewa Gunga sprang out of the carriage before the horses were quite at a standstill.

"Here we are!" he said, and King noticed that the street curved here so that no other door and no window overlooked this one.

He followed the Rangar, and he was no sooner into the shadow of the door than the coachman lashed the horses and the carriage swung out of view.

"This way," said the Rangar over his shoulder. "Come!"

#### CHAPTER IV.

It was a musty smelling entrance, so dark that to see was scarcely possible after the hot glare outside. Dimly King made out Rewa Gunga mounting stairs to the left and followed him. When he guessed himself two stories at least above road level, there was a sudden blaze of reflected light and he blinked at more horrors than he could count. Curtains were reflected in each mirror, and little glowing lamps, so cunningly arranged that it was not possible to guess which were real and which were not. King stood still.

Then suddenly, as if she had done it a thousand times before and surprised a thousand people, a little nut-brown maid parted the middle pair of curtains and said "Salaam!" smiling with teeth that were as white as porcelain. King looked sorely interested and not at all disturbed.

Rewa Gunga hurried past him, thrusting the little maid aside, and led the way. King followed him into a long room, whose walls were hung with richer silks than any he remembered to have seen. In a great wide window to one side some twenty women began at once to make flute music. Silken punkahs swung from chains, wafting back and forth a cloud of sandalwood smoke that veiled the whole scene in mysterious, scented mist.

"Be welcome!" laughed Rewa Gunga; "I am to do the honors, since she is not here. Be seated, sahib."

King chose a divan at the room's farthest end, near tall curtains that led into rooms beyond. He turned his back toward the reason for his choice. On a little ivory-tiled ebony table about ten feet away lay a knife, that was almost the exact duplicate of the one inside his shirt. He could sense hushed expectancy on every side—could feel the eyes of many women fixed on him—and began to draw on his guard as a fighting man draws on armor. There and then he deliberately set himself to resist mesmerism, which is the East's chief weapon.

Rewa Gunga, perfectly at home, sprawled leisurely along a cushioned couch with a grace that the West has not learned yet; but King did not make the mistake of trusting him any better for his easy manners, and his eyes sought swiftly for some unorthodox, unplanned thing on which to rest, that he might save himself by a sort of mental leverage.

Glancing along the wall that faced the big window, he noticed for the first time a huge Afridi, who sat on a stool and leaned back against the silken hangings with arms folded.

"Who is that man?" he asked.

"He? Oh, he is a savage—just a big savage," said Rewa Gunga, looking vaguely annoyed.

"Why is he here?"

He did not dare let go of this chance side issue. He knew that Rewa Gunga wished him to talk of Yasmini and to ask questions about her, and that if he succumbed to that temptation all his self-control would be cunningly sapped away from him until his secrets, and his very senses, belonged to some one else.

"What is he doing here?" he insisted. "He? Oh, he does nothing. He waits," purred the Rangar. "He is to be your body-servant on your journey to the North. He is nothing—nobody at all!—except that he is to be trusted utterly because he loves Yasmini! He is obedient! A big obedient fool! Let him be!"

"No," said King. "If he's to be my man I'll speak to him!"

He felt himself winning. Already the spell of the room was lifted, and he no longer felt the cloud of sandalwood like a veil across his brain.

"Won't you tell him to come here to me?"

Rewa Gunga laughed, resting his silk turban against the wall hangings and clasping both hands about his knee. It was as a man might laugh who has been touched in a bout with folly.

"Oh!—Ismael!" he called, with a voice like a bell, that made King stare. The Afridi looked to come out of a deep sleep and looked bewildered, rubbing his eyes and blinking whether his turban was on straight. He combed his beard with nervous fingers as he sized up King and Rewa Gunga. Then he sprang to his feet.

"Come!" ordered Rewa Gunga. The man obeyed.

"Did you see?" Rewa Gunga chuckled. "He rose from his place like a buffalo, rump first and then shoulder after shoulder! Such men are safe! Such men have no guile beyond what will help them to obey! Such men think too slowly to invent deceit for their own sake!"

The Afridi came and towered above them, standing with gnarled hands knotted into clubs.

"What is thy name?" King asked him.

"Ismael!" he boomed.

"Thou art to be my servant?"

"Aye! So said she. I am her man. I obey!"

"When did she say so?" King asked him blandly. The hillman stroked his great beard and stood considering the question. King entered a shrewd suspicion that he was not so stupid as he chose to seem. His eyes were too hawk-bright to be a stupid man's.

"Before she went away," he answered at last.

"When did she go away?"

He thought again, then "Yesterday," he said.

"Why did you wait before you answered?"

The Afridi's eyes furtively sought Rewa Gunga's and found no aid there. Watching the Rangar less furtively, but even less obviously, King was aware that his eyes were nearly closed, as if they were not interested. The fingers that clasped his knee drummed on it indifferently, seeing which King allowed himself to smile.

"Never mind," he told Ismael. "It is no matter. It is ever well to think twice before speaking once, for thus mistakes die stillborn. Only the money-folk thrive on quick answers—is it not so? Thou art a man of many inches—of them and shew—hey, but thou art a man! If the heart within those great ribs of thine is true as thine arms are strong I shall be fortunate to have thee for a servant!"

"Aye!" said the Afridi. "But what are words? She has said I am thy servant, and to hear her is to obey!"

"Then, take me a telegram!" said King.

He began to write at once on a half-sheet of paper that he tore from a letter he had in his pocket, transposing into cypher as he went along.

Yasmini has gone North. Is there any reason at your end why I should not follow her at once?

He addressed it in plain English to his friend the general at Peshawar, and handed it to Ismael, directing him carefully to a government office where the cypher signature would be recognized and the telegram given precedence.

Ismael stalked off with it, striding like Moses down Sinai—hook-nose—hawk-eye—flowing beard—dignity and all, and King settled down to guard himself against the next attempt on his sovereign self-command.

Now he chose to notice the knife on the ebony table as if he had not seen it before. He got up and reached for it and brought it back, turning it over and over in his hand.

"A strange knife," he said.

"Yes—from Khinjan," said Rewa Gunga, and King eyed him as one wolf eyes another.

"What makes you say it is from Khinjan?"

"She brought it from Khinjan caves herself! There is another knife that matches it, but that is not here. That bracelet you now wear, sahib, is from Khinjan caves too! She has the secret of the caves!"

"I have heard that the Heart of the Hills is there," King answered. "Is the Heart of the Hills a treasure house?"

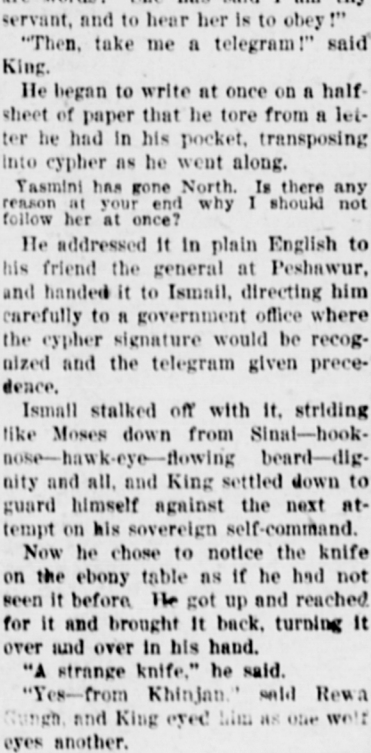
Rewa Gunga laughed.

"Ask her, sahib! Perhaps she will tell you! Perhaps she will let you see! Who knows? She is a woman of resource and unexpectedness—let her women dance for you a while."

King nodded. Then he got up and laid the knife back on the little table. A minute or so later he noticed that at a sign from Rewa Gunga a woman left the great window place and spirited the knife away.

"May I have a sheet of paper?" he asked, for he knew that another fight for his self-command was due.

Rewa Gunga gave an order, and a maid brought scented paper on a silver tray. He drew out his own fountain pen, and since his one object was to give his brain employment, he wrote down a list of the names he had heard



orized in the train on the journey from Peshawar, not thinking of a use for the list until he had finished. Then, though, a real use occurred to him.

While he began to write more than a dozen dancing women swept into the room from behind the silk hangings in a concerted movement that was all lithe slumberous grace. Wood-wind music called to them from the great deep window. They began to chant, still dreamily, and with the chant the dance began, in and out, round and round, lazily, ever so lazily, wreathed in buoyant gossamer that was scarcely more solid than the sandalwood smoke they wafted into rings.

King watched them and listened to their chant until he began to recognize the strain on the eye muscles that precedes the mesmeric spell. Then he wrote and read what he had written and wrote again.

"What have you written?" asked a quiet voice at his ear; and he turned to look straight in the eyes of Rewa Gunga, who had leaned forward to read over his shoulder. Just for one second he hovered on the brink of quick defeat. Having escaped the Scylla of the dancing women, Charybdis waited for him in the shape of eyes that were pools of hot mystery. It was the sound of his own voice that brought him back to the world again and saved his will for him unbound.

"Read it, won't you?" he laughed. "If you know, take this pen and mark the names of whichever of those men are still in Delhi."

Rewa Gunga took pen and paper and set a mark against some thirty of the names, for King had a manner that disarmed refusal.

King began to watch the dance again, for it did not feel safe to look too long into the Rangar's eyes. It was not wise just then to look too long at anything or to think too long on any one subject.

"Ismael is slow about returning," said the Rangar.

"I wrote at the foot of the tar," said King, "that they are to detain him there until the answer comes."

The Rangar's eyes blazed for a second and then grew cold again, as King did not fail to observe. All this while the women danced on, in time to waiving flute music, until, it seemed from nowhere, a lovelier woman than any of them appeared in their midst, sitting cross-legged with a flat basket at her knees. She sat with arms raised and swayed from the waist as if in a delirium. Her arms moved in narrowing circles, higher and higher above the basket lid, and the lid began to rise. It was minutes before the bodies of two great king cobras could be made out, moving against the woman's spangled dress with hoods raised, hissing the cobra's hate-song that is prelude to the poison-death.

They struck at the woman, one after the other, and she leaped out of their range, swift and as supple as they. Instantly then she joined in the dance, with the snakes striking right and left at her. Left and right she swayed to avoid them, far more gracefully than a matador avoids the bull and courting a deadlier peril than he—poison.



As She Danced She Whirled Both Arms Above Her Head and Gried as the Werewolves Are Said to Do on Stormy Nights.

suous, two to his one. As she danced she whirled both arms above her head and cried as the werewolves are said to do on stormy nights.

"Do you do this often?" wondered King, in a calm aside to Rewa Gunga, turning half toward him and taking his eyes off the dance without any very great effort.

Rewa Gunga clapped his hands and the dance ceased. The woman spirited her snakes away. The blind was drawn upward and in a moment all was normal again with the punkah swinging slowly overhead, except that the seductive smell remained, that was like the early-morning breath of all the different flowers of India.

"If she were here," said the Rangar, a little grimly—with a trace of disappointment in his tone—"you would not snatch your eyes away like that! Perhaps you shall see her dance some day! Ah—here is Ismael," he added in an affected tone of voice. He seemed relieved at sight of the Afridi.

But King, through the glass-head curtains at the door, the great savage

strode down the room, holding out a telegram. With a murmur of conventional apology King tore the envelope and in a second his eyes were ablaze with something more than wonder. A mystery, added to a mystery, stirred all the zeal in him. But in a second he had sweated his excitement down.

"Read that, will you?" he said, passing it to Rewa Gunga. It was not in cypher, but in plain every-day English.

She has not gone North. She is still in Delhi. Suit your own movements to your plans.

"Can you explain?" asked King in a level voice. He was watching the Rangar narrowly, yet he could not detect the slightest symptom of emotion.

"Explain?" said the Rangar. "Who can explain foolishness? It means that another fat general has made another fat mistake!"

"Ah!" said King. "You are positive she has started for the North?"

"Sahib, when she speaks it is best to believe! She told me she will go. Therefore I am ready to lead King sahib up the Khyber to her!"

"There's a train leaves for the North tonight," said King.

The Rangar nodded.

"You'll want a pass up the line. How many servants? Three—four—how many?"

"One," said the Rangar, and King was instantly suspicious of the modesty of that allowance; however he wrote out a pass for Rewa Gunga and one servant and gave it to him.

"Be there on time and see about your own reservation," he said. "I'll attend to Ismael's pass myself."

He folded the list of names that the Rangar had marked and wrote something on the back. Then he begged an envelope, and Rewa Gunga had one brought to him. He sealed the list to the envelope, addressed it and beckoned Ismael again.

"Take this to Saunders sahib!" he ordered. "Go first to the telegraph office, where you were before, the babu there will tell you where Saunders sahib may be found. Deliver the letter to him. Then come and find me at the Star of India hotel and help me to bathe and change my clothes."

"To hear is to obey!" boomed Ismael, bowing; but his last glance was for Rewa Gunga, and he did not turn to go until he had met the Rangar's eyes. When Ismael had gone striding down the room King looked into the Rangar's eyes with that engaging frankness of his that disarms so many people.

"Then you'll be on the train tonight?" he asked.

"To hear is to obey! With pleasure, sahib!"

"Then good-by until this evening." King bowed very civilly and walked out, rather unsteadily because his head ached. Probably nobody else, except the Rangar, could have guessed what an ordeal he had passed through or how near he had been to losing self-command.

In the street he found a gharry after a while and drove to his hotel. And before Ismael came he took a stroll through a bazaar, where he made a few strange purchases. In the hotel lobby he invested in a leather bag with a good lock, in which to put them. Later on Ismael came and proved himself an efficient body-servant.

That evening Ismael carried the leather bag and found his place on the train, and that was not so difficult, because the trains running North were nearly empty, although the platforms were all crowded. As he stood at the carriage door with Ismael near him, a man named Saunders slipped through the crowd and sought him out.

"Arrested 'em all!" he grinned.

King did not answer. He was watching Rewa Gunga, followed by a servant, hurrying to a reserved compartment at the front end of the train. The Rangar waved to him and he waved back.

The engine gave a preliminary shriek and the giant Ismael nudged King's elbow in impatient warning. There was no more sign of Rewa Gunga, who had evidently settled down in his compartment for the night.

"Get my bag out again!" King ordered, and Ismael stared.

"Get out my bag, I said!"

"To hear is to obey!" Ismael grumbled, reaching with his long arm through the window.

The engine shrieked again, somebody whistled, and the train began to move.

"You've missed it!" said Saunders, amused at Ismael's frantic disappointment.

(Continued next week.)

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Following a Brutal Example

On another page will be found American newspaper comments upon the decision reached by Great Britain and France to retaliate on their enemy by the dropping of bombs on defenseless women and children in Germany in return for similar brutalities practiced by Germany. It is quite human to yield to a feeling of resentment and yet, human as it is to adopt retaliation is none the less INHUMAN, and it is to be regretted that the allies have, by adopting an indefensible course, surrendered their protest against a policy that has brought upon Germany the censure of the civilized world. The logic with which the allies attempt to defend this proposed action will not stand the light of history. Future generations will blush to read that BOTH sides resorted to the deliberate murder of innocent women and children. "They did it first" will lose its power to soothe the conscience when the passions of war have cooled and reason resumed her sway. It is a false logic which could be used just as well to excuse the mutilation of prisoners or the use of submarines against passenger ships.

If the example of Germany, instead of being denounced as infamous, is to be followed, we shall lose a normal argument which has been of great value in strengthening the purpose of the American people and which has made it easier for German-Americans to divorce their sympathies from the fatherland. It is most unfortunate that this moral argument can no longer be used, it is a distinct loss that will far outweigh an advantage to be gained by imitation of a form of cruelty so revolting.

W. J. BRYAN.

C. S. NUNN  
Attorney at Law  
MARION, KENTUCKY  
Post Office Building.

SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND.

Sept. 17, 1917.

Dear Mr. Jenkins:

I am somewhere in England and I can't tell you where, we expect to leave here tomorrow for parts unknown to me. There are some awfully quaint villages in England and quite a few prett places. But still the scenery doesn't rank with old Kentucky and I will be glad when we have finished the war and can return to the U. S. we are training hard and the kinks are rapidly coming out of us. The English soldiers are very sociable fellows to mingle with.

Mr Jenkins the home gang seems rather reluctant in writing to me, would be more than

pleased to correspond with any of them or yourself. I will tell you all I am allowed and that is not much.

I am yours sincerely,

Radio Sgt. Wilbur Boston,  
Hqrs & Supply Co., 6th, Regiment,

Coast Artillery Brigade,  
American Expeditionary Forces  
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Correspondent Visits

Marion High School.

Your correspondent recently enjoyed the privilege of giving a recitation for the benefit and entertainment of the eleventh grade of the Marion high school and your pencil pusher wishes to say that a better-looking, a more intelligent and a nicer-appearing class of young people would be exceedingly hard to find. The teacher of the eleventh grade also impressed me as being a man of unusual intelligence and refinement all of which may account in some degree for the splendid appearance of his class.

Rev. H. C. Hopewell, of Paducah has recently finished a series of protracted meetings at Dunn Springs church. It's doubtful whether there is one preacher in a hundred who is gifted with the eloquence of Rev. Hopewell and he is the greatest expounder of the gospel among all who have ever preached at Dunn Springs. He possesses a wonderful command of language and he can picture out the glory of Christ and His kingdom in a most picturesque manner. The

Right Place.

"Really, Kate," said the young man, in considerable agitation, "I am very sorry I lost my head and kissed you. I didn't think what I was doing. It is a sort of temporary insanity in our family." "Well, Roy," replied the young woman, "if you ever feel any more such attacks coming on, you had better come right here where your infirmity is known, and we will take care of you."—New York Times.

IN SOCIETY

Mrs. J. D. Threlkeld was a delightful hostess to a party given Thursday afternoon.

Victrola music was enjoyed by the guests and a cat contest was engaged in later, which caused quite a good deal of merriment.

A delicious salad course of chicken salad, fruit salad, sandwiches, and coffee was served.

Mrs. Threlkeld's hospitality included a few of her neighbors and friends—Mesdames Thos. Evans and daughter Eaire, J. ff. Asher, S. M. Jenkins, Jno. A. her, Guss Taylor, Rose Williams, G. C. Gray, Jno. Blue, R. F. Durr, and Elizabeth Finley.

DISTRESSING NEWS

RECEIVED HERE

Little Miss Katherine White Operated on in New York Hospital

The friends of the Woods and White families here were greatly shocked and grieved beyond expression at the receipt of a telegram Tuesday brining the distressing news that little Miss Katherine White had been operated on removing one of her lower limbs. She rallied from the operation and is doing as well as could be expected for one of her youth. She is about twelve years old and was taken with a serious and mysterious ailment in one of her limbs soon after her return to her home in Helena, Ark., after spending the usual summer vacation here with her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. David Woods.

Her parents consulted her physician who advised that she be taken at once to St. Louis, which was done. The specialists there passed the case up to Mayo Bros., of Rochester, Minn., and she was hurriedly taken there, only to find that those great surgeons declined to remove the limb but said it might be saved under the radium treatment given only by an eminent New York specialist. Her parents took her there on the first train and it was thought her system and great vitality was responding to the treatment but it was discovered only Monday that the limb could not be saved.

Birthday Gathering.

J. H. Price always attends church at Union every 2nd Sunday and usually invites someone to take dinner with him. But on last Sunday, Oct. 14th, 1917, his relatives assembled at his home in his absence. When he and his son returned from church and saw so many people in the yard, he threw up his hands in astonishment and said, "send for more, not enough here." After greeting his guests with a warm hand-shake, rushed to the dining room, there he saw a long table heavily laden with everything that was nice and good to eat, and a chair full of nice presents. His heart was too filled with gratitude for any expressions except a few big tears, and a look of love to his dear wife, who had planned and prepared such a delightful dinner, a complete surprise to celebrate his fifty-second birthday.

Those present were: H. H. Clark and family, O. G. Threlkeld and family, Mrs. L. L. Price and daughters, Misses Lena and Ethel; Mrs. P. J. Gilles and sons, Cloyd, Elza and Eugene; J. H. Nelson and wife, John Grimes and wife, Oren Threlkeld, wife and baby; F. M. Eaton and wife, Bro. T. C. Carter and Mr. Morrison.

The afternoon was spent socially with good music and singing, the last song being "God Be With You Till We Meet Again," and prayer by O. G. Threlkeld.

We all left feeling we had spent a pleasant day, with many praises and compliments to Mrs. Price.

—A Guest.

School Fair Program.

The teachers of Division number 2 have added to the School Fair Program the following articles.

Best dozen ears of corn, best dozen Irish potatoes, best dozen sweet potatoes, best dozen apples, best dozen winter pears, best stalk of tobacco, best pint of sorghum molasses, best half dozen heads of broom corn.

Homer Davidson, Pres.  
Emma Terry, Sec'y.

City Tax Notice.

City Taxes are now due. The penalty will come on in a few days. So come and settle.

G. E. BOSTON.

Oct. 1st, 1917.

members of the Dunn Springs church are well pleased with the services which he has rendered.

Hebron school is progressing nicely under its able and efficient teacher, Homer Davidson, who seems to be a fine young gentleman and who is conscientiously endeavoring to teach his school in the right manner. It is impossible for any teacher to maintain perfect discipline among a gang of lusty, red-blooded children; but Mr. Davidson is coming about as near doing such a thing as can be reasonably expected of him.—A visitor.

PILES! PILES! PILES!

WILLIAMS' PILE OINTMENT  
For Blind, Bleeding and Itching Piles.  
For sale by all druggists, mail 50c and \$1.00.  
WILLIAMS MED. CO., Prop., Cleveland, Ohio.  
Sold by J. H. Orme

83 American Jews

Escaped From Palestine.

New York, Oct. 10.—Eighty-American Jews who because of war were unable to leave Palestine until relief organizations in this country secured the assistance of the state department arrived here today. They were four months on the way.

WAR TAX

Dates on Which Taxes in the Revenue Bill Becomes Effective.

Washington, Oct. 6th.—The dates on which taxes in the revenue bill become effective follows.

The income taxes and war excess profits taxes apply to the calendar year 1917, except in the cases of corporations having a fixed fiscal year. Returns must be made upon these taxes by March 1, 1918, and the tax paid before June 1, 1918.

The increase to three cent letter postage and two-cent postal cards goes into effect Nov. 1st. The increased postal rates on second class matter becomes effective July 1, 1918.

There are no new taxes on tea, coffee or sugar, but taxes upon many articles of common use—perfumes, jewelry, chewing gum, films, pills, powder, etc.—are effective at once.

The taxes on admissions to amusements, shows, etc., are effective Nov. 1st, next.

Stamp taxes on legal instruments, etc., Dec. 1st, next, and the same on foreign passage tickets.

Additional tax on playing cards effective at once. Tax on club dues, Nov. 1st, next.

Inheritance taxes are effective at once, as are the liquor taxes. The tobacco taxes become effective thirty days after passage.

Taxes on freight, express, passenger fares, parlor and sleeping car accommodations, new life insurance policies, Nov. 1st, next. A tax of five cent on telegraph and telephone messages costing more than fifteen cents each becomes effective Nov. 1st.

Notice To Creditors

All persons having claims against the estate of C. B. Humphrey, Decd., will present same to me at my office properly proven as required by law, on or before the 15th. day of October 1917, or same will be barred.

D. A. Lowry, Commissioner, Crittenden Circuit Court.

Princeton Presbytery.

Princeton presbytery of the Cumberland presbyterian church met with the Flat Lick church near Lafayette Ky., Oct. 9, 1917. The opening sermon was preached by the retiring moderator, Rev. J. H. King from the tenth chapter of John 23, to 30th verse. Elder Barius Dyer of Princeton was elected moderator. Rev. J. W. Styles of Chattanooga Presbytery was received into the

presbytery by letter. Rev. Hugh S. McCord of Obion presbytery and Rev. T. Ashburn of Knoxville were with us and rendered valuable assistance as advisory members.

On Wednesday Rev. Hugh S. McCord preached to an audience of men out in the yard. His subject was tithing, his text Prov., 3: 9-19. The sermon was the most forcible and convincing it has ever been my privilege to hear on the subject. The entire audience seemed to be convinced of the fact that tithing is the Lord's method of raising funds for the Lord's work. At the close of the sermon twenty five men came forward and gave their names and said they were going to begin tithing.

At the same hour Rev. T. C. Newmar preached to a crowd of women and children, his text being Job 12: 8. Rev. Ashburn administered the sacrament. At two o'clock Rev. Ashburn addressed the Presbytery in the interest of the Sunday School and Young Peoples work. Bro. Ashburn is a very forcible speaker and an enthusiast in the Sunday school work. He is the field man for the Board of Sunday schools and Young Peoples work and Bro. McChord is the field man for the tithing board. They certainly are the right men in the right places. Come again brethren.

The ladies of the Missionary society rendered a beautiful program Wednesday evening after which a collection of \$17 was taken for Missions.

We certainly enjoyed our stay among the good people of Flat Lick and hope to meet with them again some time.

The next presbytery will meet at Providence next spring.

H. N. Lamb.

FARM FOR SALE.

I will sell at private sale my farm 160 acres situated 4 miles north west of Hampton, 5 room house, stock barn reasonably well fenced, 4 acre orchard 45 acres virgin timber, pond of never failing water, Good Hope school and church 1 mile, 115 acres to cultivate next year. Price \$20.00 per acre.

George Twitchell.

Joy, Ky.

Hampton phone. 10-11-3ip.

ANOTHER SURPRISE WEDDING

Mrs. Lillie Daughtrey And Mr. Claud Springs Quietly Married Here Monday

Monday evening at 8 o'clock, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Franklin on Rochester St., Mrs. Lillie D. Daughtrey and Mr. Claud B. Springs were united in marriage by the Rev. H. R. Short pastor of the Marion Methodist church. Mrs. Springs was the widow of the late Fred L. Daughtrey and is a sister to E. T. Daughtrey and an aunt of Hollis C. Franklin, Prin. of the High School here. She is a woman of pleasing personality and in every sense of the word a womanly woman. Mr. Springs is to be congratulated on winning the heart and hand of one who possesses all those splendid traits of character, gentleness, culture, refinement, and pleasing manner—those things which go to make home life happy. Mr. Springs is a prosperous young farmer of the Hebron neighborhood. He is a man of exemplary habits and possesses that desirable quality of "finishing a way." He owns a splendid farm of 300 or 400 acres on Hurricane creek. Mrs. Springs owns an adjoining farm of about 200 acres on the Ohio river.

Monday was also the twenty-first (plus) birthday of Prof. Franklin, so immediately after the ceremony, Mrs. Franklin served a "Birthday Supper" for Mr. Franklin, Mr. and Mrs. Springs, Rev. Short, Ed Cook Jr., Herabe:

Franklin, Robert Hamilton, Watts Franklin and Clovis Hamilton.

Soon after supper was over, Mr. and Mrs. Springs drove to their home near Hebron.

The Record-Press extends congratulations and offers good wishes for a long and happy life.

Take Notice.

There is an ordinance against these cutouts and cars keeping up such a noise, also running with out lights. This is the last notice, so if you don't want to pay a fine you had better heed this notice.

This Means All.

G. E. Boston,  
City Marshal.

Uncle Sam Needs 10,000 Stenographers and typewriters at once.

Washington, D. C., Oct. 1917. Now that Uncle Sam has the young men of the country in training for military service, he finds that he needs 10,000 typewriter operators and stenographers and typewriters, both men and women, for the Departments at Washington. The Civil Service Commission has notified all of its 3,000 boards of examiners that they should put forth their best efforts to secure these urgently needed workers. While examinations are now held week in 1917, the Commission states that arrangements will be made to have an examination held at any accessible place where a small class of applicants can be secured. The entrance salaries range from \$1,000 to \$1,200 a year. Promotion is reasonably rapid to those whose services prove satisfactory. No appointment can be made to these or other positions in Federal classified civil service unless authorized by the Civil Service Commission under the civil service law. Any information to the contrary is unauthorized. This is a splendid opportunity to serve your country. Full information may be secured from the secretary of the board of civil service examiners at the postoffice in your city.

NOTICE.

All Magazines Periodicals and Papers are to advance. Special prices for next 30 days.

MARION NEWS AGENCY,  
Belt & Grubbs, Props.  
Oct. 10th, 1917.

Two Jersey Cows And One Heifer For Sale

We have two cows and one heifer left over from the sale of Jersey cows made on county court day, which we will sell to the highest and best bidder on six months credit next Saturday Oct. 20th at 1 o'clock.

Marion Bank, by J. W. Blue.  
Farmers Bank, O. S. Denney.

COPPERAS SPRING

Rev. F. L. McDowell being ill, his appointment at Piney Fork was filled by Rev. S. B. McNeely. A good crowd was present and an interesting time was reported.

A very unique debate was held at Copperas Springs school house Tuesday evening Oct. 9th. The subject being, Resolved: "That I'd Rather Have A Clean Ill-natured Woman Than A Dirty Good-natured One." Rev. S. B. McNeely affirmed and Herman Boucher denied. The object of the debate was to get the people of the surrounding neighborhoods together in order to organize a moonlight school. The end justified the means and the first session of school will open to all who wish to attend, Tuesday evening, Oct. 23rd. Let's come one and all and make this school of mutual benefit.

Miss Annie Laura Howerton, a bonny little lady of Repton, visited Misses Eliah and Ora Gass last week-end.

Ralph Horning has just returned home from a visit to his uncle, Marvin Horning, of Harrisburg, Ill.

Miss Ethel Cannon, of Creswell, is spending the week with her aunt, Mrs. S. N. Walker.

One of Ed Hunt's little boys is quite ill at this writing.

SWEET CLOVER SEED.

Large white variety, 12 1/2 cents per pound. H. N. Lamb,  
104 2nd Tribune, Ky.